

FLAX-GROWING IN ENGLAND

COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday
OCTOBER 3, 1944

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE



IN THE VALLEY AT KNILL, HEREFORDSHIRE

H. Stubington

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XCVI. No 2494.

NOVEMBER 3, 1944

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

By Direction of the Trustees of the late Frank Reddaway, Esq., J.P.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

LANCASHIRE

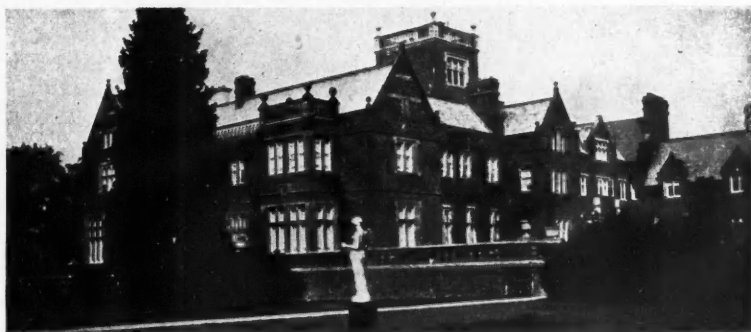
In open country between the Moors and the Coast. 10 miles from Lancaster, 11 miles from Preston.

THE TRUSTEES ARE PREPARED TO SELL BY PRIVATE TREATY THE SPACIOUS AND SUBSTANTIAL MANSION
WINMARLEIGH HALL

standing in finely timbered grounds and park of about 20 ACRES with two Entrance Lodges.

The Residence is in exceptionally good repair and replete with modern conveniences. It contains hall, billiards room, drawing room, dining room, lounge, morning room, study, 17 principal bed and dressing, 7 bathrooms, 6 staff bedrooms, and ample and well equipped domestic offices. Electric light.

Central heating throughout. Large well-built stables, garages with chauffeur's cottage.



Walled garden of nearly 2 acres with ranges of modern heated glasshouses. Head gardener's house. Mature and productive orchard.

The Mansion is FULLY FURNISHED and being still in occupation is thoroughly well maintained. The furniture is ideally suited to the rooms and a purchaser of the Mansion will be given the opportunity of taking almost the whole of the furniture by an agreed valuation. The Purchaser will also be given the option of taking at valuation

THE HOME FARM with an extremely good house, superior buildings in excellent order and about 120 ACRES of first-class arable and pasture land. There are also about 15 other farms on the Estate of about 2,400 acres and the Purchaser of the Hall would be given an opportunity of acquiring additional land if desired.

For full particulars apply to: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1, and 14, Dogpole, Shrewsbury, or the Land Agents: Messrs. Wilson, Peat & Co., Winckley Square, Preston.

HAMPSHIRE

In and close to Petersfield and Liss.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT PROPERTIES OF 309 ACRES

forming part of the Petersfield and Liss Sections of
THE BASING PARK ESTATE

and comprising

BOROUGH FARM, Petersfield, 168 Acres. An area of first-class feeding land close to the Town and Station and also the extensive Modern Farm Buildings and 4 Cottages (suitable for adaptation to commercial purposes). With Vacant Possession Michaelmas, 1945.

BUCKMOOR FARM, 53½ Acres. A compact Dairy Farm with future development value.

RUSHES FARM. A highly important post-war Building Estate within a few minutes of the Station and having long frontages to the Winchester Road, Bell Hill and Tilmore Road (all extensively developed). Immediate Possession of part on completion.

SEVERAL CHOICE BUILDING SITES AT RAMSHILL. WARREN COPSE, STEEP, 6¼ Acres, and 15½ Acres of Pasture at Greatham (both with possession). Several Cottages and Village Club premises, Liss.

To be offered for SALE by AUCTION in numerous Lots at Petersfield at an early date.

Solicitors: Messrs. Simmons & Simmons, 1, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2.

Auctioneers: Messrs. HEWETT & LEE, 144, High Street, Guildford;

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1.

Auction Particulars in course of preparation, 1s.

By Order of the Trustees of the late Sidney Russell Cooke.

BELLECROFT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT

GEORGIAN RESIDENCE AND ABOUT 65 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Occupying a choice position on a hill facing South, with good views, the House was erected about 1805 of yellow brick with lead and slate roof and redecorated in 1939.

It stands about 45 yds. back from the road, is approached by a drive and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bed and dressing, 3 bathrooms. Usual domestic offices, including servants' hall.



Central heating. Co.'s electric light, power, gas and water. Telephone. Main drainage.

Garage for 3 cars. Stabling for 4 horses. Cottage with 4 rooms. GARDENS consist of lawns, tennis court, kitchen garden, orchard. FARM (let on a yearly tenancy at £180 per annum) with Farmhouse. Pasture and Arable Land.

The Residence is held under Requisition. Income about £355 per annum. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Further particulars of the Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (40,794)

Mayfair 3771
(10 lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams
Galleries, Wesdo, London



JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1.

MAYFAIR 3316/7.

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 334). AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS AND YEOVIL.

By Direction of John Pelham Papillon, Esq.

CROWHURST, SUSSEX

Between Battle and Hastings.



COURT LODGE

TWO DESIRABLE BUILDING PLOTS

AN AREA OF WOODLAND KNOWN AS "FOREWOOD," 5 GOOD COTTAGES,

A PARCEL OF ACCOMMODATION LAND OF ABOUT 10 ACRES

AND THE

EXCELLENT MARSH GRAZING situate in the Parish of Hooe and extending to 47 ACRES

HAVING A TOTAL AREA OF

APPROX. 730 ACRES

Which will be OFFERED for SALE by AUCTION in 12 LOTS (unless previously sold privately as a whole) at THE DEVONSHIRE HOTEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1944, at 2.30 p.m.

Particulars, Plans and Conditions of Sale (price 2s. each) of the Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Tel.: Mayfair 3316/7); and at Northampton, Leeds, Cirencester and Yeovil.

Solicitors: Messrs. Raper & Fovargue, Battle (Tel. 400/401); and at Eastbourne and Hailsham.

MAINLY WITH VACANT POSSESSION THE FREEHOLD AGRICULTURAL AND OTHER PROPERTIES

CONSISTING OF

COURT LODGE

A GENTLEMAN'S FARM WITH SUPERIOR 6-BEDROOMED RESIDENCE, 3 COTTAGES, EXCELLENT BUILDINGS AND 250 ACRES

SAMPSON'S FARM

WITH 14th-CENTURY FARMHOUSE, BUILDINGS, 3 COTTAGES AND 57 ACRES

GREEN STREET FARM

WITH FARMHOUSE, SET OF FARM BUILDINGS, 4 COTTAGES AND 182 ACRES



SAMPSON'S FARMHOUSE

SUSSEX

Crowborough Station 1 1/4 miles.



CHARMING RESIDENCE OF LOCAL STONE

With 3 reception rooms (drawing room 29 ft. 6 ins. by 22 ft. 6 ins.), 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Excellent domestic offices, including maids' sitting room.

Central heating throughout.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. GARAGE FOR 2 CARS. COTTAGE (with 6 rooms and bathroom).

TENNIS COURT. SOUTH ASPECT. LOVELY AND WELL-STOCKED GARDEN, AFFORDING SECLUSION.

POSSESSION ON DE-REQUISITION.

2 1/2 ACRES

PRICE £6,000 FREEHOLD

Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Tel.: Mayfair 3316/7.)

Grosvenor 3121
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

EAST SUSSEX

Occupying one of the finest positions in the county with magnificent panoramic views.

AN ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE WITH EVERY MODERN COMFORT

7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception. All main services.

CENTRAL HEATING. GARAGE. MODERN COTTAGE.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS AND GROUNDS WITH ABOUT

16 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

POSSESSION BY ARRANGEMENT.

PRICE £8,500

Owner's Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.1.

EAST SUSSEX

FOR SALE A CHOICE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 152 ACRES

WITH MODERATE-SIZED MANSION

Stands on high ground with magnificent views.

11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, and convenient domestic offices. Main electric light. Stabling. 2 lodges. Groom's quarters.

THE ENTIRE HOUSE HAS BEEN MODERNISED RECENTLY

The grounds are ornamented by magnificent timber, cut yews, and a choice selection of flowering shrubs of which the Rhododendrons are a feature. Tennis and croquet lawns, woodlands and shrubbery walks, herbaceous borders, excellent walled kitchen gardens, greenhouses, orchards. Parkland.

THE WHOLE PROPERTY EXTENDS TO 152 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents: Messrs. WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY



BERKSHIRE

5 miles west from Reading (London 40 minutes). High position, East and West Aspect. Good views.

A PLEASING REPLICA OF AN OLD RESIDENCE

brick-built with exposed oak timberings, leaded casement windows. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms (basins h. & c.), 2 bathrooms.

Central heating. Independent hot-water system. Main electricity and water. Septic tank drainage. Telephone. Garage.

LOVELY GARDEN with flagstone paths, lawn with lily pond, kitchen garden, orchard, meadowland 2½ acres.

About 4 ACRES

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, WITH POSSESSION, AT MODERATE PRICE

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (40,977)

SOUTH AFRICA

FOR SALE AS AN INVESTMENT

An Orange Plantation of 16½ Acres.

Excellently managed by a Johannesburg Firm.

The last three yearly accounts rendered show an absolute net profit averaging £404 per annum. After war the plantation should return £800-£1,000 a year net.

PRICE £4,500

The Title Deeds are in London.

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (41,056)

COTSWOLD FARM OF 255 ACRES

2 miles Station. 6 miles Main Line Junction.

OLD COTSWOLD STONE FARMHOUSE with tiled roof, enjoying fine views. About 500 ft. above sea level with South-west aspect. 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electric light. Company's water available.

Modern farm buildings, cowshed for 56. Hunter and carthorse stabling. Grinding mill. 3 cottages. More land can be rented.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (34,979)

BATH

AN ELEGANT GEORGIAN RESIDENCE IN A FAMOUS CRESCENT

Beautifully placed with Southern aspect and good views over the Park and surrounding hills. Station 15 minutes (London 2½ hours).

THE HOUSE is stone built with pillared facade and preserves many original features. Entrance and inner halls, 3 reception rooms, 8-9 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, complete offices with staff hall, etc.

All main services. Oak floors on ground and first floors.

WALLED GARDEN WITH HEATED GREENHOUSE.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. VACANT POSSESSION

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (41,059)



Mayfair 3771
(10 lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Telegrams:
Galleries, Wesdo, London.

Regent 0293/3377
Reading 4441

NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1; 1, STATION ROAD, READING

Telegrams:

"Nichonyer, Piccy, London"

"Nicholas. Reading"

MIDWAY BETWEEN CHIPPENHAM AND MARLBOROUGH

Close to town with railway station.

For Sale. Possession in about 6 months.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE AND SOUNDLY BUILT COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Approached by 2 drives in grounds and land of about 17 ACRES

Lounge hall, billiard room, dining room, drawing room, study, 13 bedrooms, 2 large bathrooms. The domestic offices, very conveniently arranged, are complete in every respect. Partial central heating. Main services supplies. Stabling for 5, saddle room, isolation box and cart house. Farm buildings. Cowhouse for 4; cow-tie for 8; mixing house; granary; pigery for 10; 4 loose boxes in paddock. 2 cottages with gardens, each of 5 rooms. Main services. Delightful gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, well-stocked kitchen garden and pleasure grounds. Fruit trees, peach house, vinery and 3 small greenhouses.

PRICE £10,750 FREEHOLD

Golf N.W. Wilts. Hunting with Duke of Beaufort and Avon Vale Packs. Further particulars of Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

EAST SUSSEX

12 miles from the coast.

MODERN CHARACTER RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms including private suite (wash basins in most of the bedrooms), complete offices. Aga cooker.

Main water and electricity. Garages, stabling, small modern farmery, 4 cottages.

Exceptionally pleasing ornamental gardens including 2 tennis courts, kitchen and fruit garden. The remainder pasture and woodland, in all about 44½ ACRES

FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION.

PRICE £11,500 FREEHOLD

Particulars of Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.



44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRES, AND SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

Regent
0911

SUSSEX-SURREY BORDERS

Between East Grinstead and Three Bridges.

17th-CENTURY RED BRICK AND TILED COUNTRY RESIDENCE, modernised and in first-rate order. Southern aspect. High situation. Rural surroundings but not isolated. Hall and 2 sitting rooms, 5-6 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity. Company's water. Fine old barn and 2 garages. Orchard and meadow bounded by stream. Tennis lawn. Total area about 6 ACRES. Early Vacant Possession. PRICE, FREEHOLD, £5,250. Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1 (L.R. 16,213)

BERKSHIRE

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

MODERN BRICK-BUILT AND TILED COUNTRY RESIDENCE. On a bus route, 1½ miles from Main Line Station with splendid train service to Paddington. Rural surroundings, Southern aspect, open views. Square hall and 3 sitting rooms, 4 good bedrooms, bathroom. Detached garage. ALL MAIN SERVICES. CHARMING GARDENS OF ABOUT AN ACRE.—Owner's Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. (L.R.20,807)

1¾ miles of Trout Fishing (nearly all both banks). 170 Acres. Lodge and 4 Cottages. Medium-size House with 5 Bathrooms, standing in a magnificently timbered Park.

The above brief description is of a property situated on the G.W.R. about 3 hours from London, and in a favourite district.

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE.

LODGE, 3 COTTAGES, GARDENS AND 2 PADDOCKS.

ALSO THE FISHING BY MUTUAL ARRANGEMENT.

A VERY MODERATE PRICE IS QUOTED

Inspected and thoroughly recommended by the Owner's only London Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. (L.R.12,588)

GLOS-WILTS BORDER

IN THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT.

Vacant Possession December.

DELIGHTFUL SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE. Converted from typical old Cotswold Cottages. 350 ft. above sea level, on a bus route, near village and 2 miles small town. 2 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, kitchen with Esso cooker. Main water, electric light. Garage and stabling. About 1½ ACRES. PRICE, FREEHOLD, £6,000.—JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. (L.R.20,757)

SUSSEX

In the Southdown Hunt.

14th-CENTURY (MODERNISED) BRICK AND FLINT COUNTRY RESIDENCE. Convenient for Lewes, Seaford and Eastbourne. Southern aspect. Lodge at entrance. Lounge hall, 3 sitting rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, and 3 bathrooms (bedrooms and bathrooms all on one floor). Main electricity. ABOUT 7 ACRES. Boathouse on river. The property is requisitioned but unoccupied. Rent about £400 p.a. PRICE, FREEHOLD, £8,000. Owner's Agents: JAMES STYLES AND WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. (L.R.20,809)



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST., JAMES'S, S.W.1
Regent 8222 (15 lines)

Telegrams: "Solantel, Piccy, London"



WEST SUSSEX

10 miles from the coast. 5 miles from Pulborough Station. Bus service passes the property.

A VALUABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE ABINGWORTH, THAKEHAM



THE RESIDENCE

VERY ATTRACTIVE COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE

WITH 1½-ACRE LAKE, OUTBUILDINGS, LODGE
and 7½ ACRES.
(Requisitioned and producing £423 10s. per annum.)

AN EXCELLENT ACCREDITED DAIRY FARM OF 145 ACRES

with FIRST-CLASS BUILDINGS; COWHOUSES
for 48; MODERN FARMHOUSE; 3 COTTAGES
and BATHY.

6 ACRES OF MARKET GARDEN, NURSERY OR
BUILDING LAND. DETACHED COTTAGE

THE WHOLE ABOUT 158 ACRES

With possession of the Farm and Cottage on
completion.

To be SOLD by AUCTION (unless previously
sold privately) as a whole or in 4 LOTS at the
TOWN HALL, HORSHAM, on WEDNESDAY,
NOVEMBER 29, at 3 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. Perkins & Harris, 115, High Street, Guildford.

Particulars, plan and conditions of sale (price 1s.) from the Auctioneers: Messrs. DUNCAN B. GRAY & PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, London, W.1 (Tel.: Grosvenor 2353,
or HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1 (Tel.: REG. 8222).



THE FARMHOUSE

EASTBOURNE

Adjoining the Royal Golf Links.

FOR SALE CHOICE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY



WITH GROUNDS OF

1½ ACRES

and a beautiful MODERN
HOUSE

Hall 18 ft. by 18 ft., drawing
room 21 ft. by 20 ft.
Dining and morning rooms.
Study, 10 bedrooms, 3
bathrooms.

Central heating.

MAIN SERVICES.

GARAGE FOR 2.

VACANT POSSESSION.

Apply to the Joint Agents: EDGAR HORN, Cornfield Road, Eastbourne (Tel. 1801) and
HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1 (Tel.: REG. 8222).

On ST. GEORGE'S HILL, and adjoining Golf Course

FINE VIEWS OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY

Under 2 miles of station with fast electric train service to London.

LOVELY MODERN RESIDENCE

of pleasing elevation
luxuriously fitted and
equipped.

Hall, 3 fine reception rooms,
sun lounge, cocktail bar,
8 bedrooms (fitted basins),
4 bathrooms. All main
services. Central heating.
Labour-saving devices.

2 lodges. Garages.
The beautiful grounds with
swimming pool and hard
tennis court are a special
feature and extend to about

7 ACRES

PRICE ON APPLICATION

Further particulars from Sole Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street,
S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (S.43,886)



KENT-SUSSEX BORDERS

In a favoured district. 11 miles from Tunbridge Wells. 400 ft. up.

BEAUTIFUL MODERN RESIDENCE OF LUTYENS' DESIGN

SUPERBLY APPOINTED AND OCCUPYING A FINE SHELTERED POSITION WITH EXTENSIVE VIEWS.



Oak-panelled lounge hall, fine drawing room (27 ft.
by 27 ft.), 3 other well-proportioned reception rooms,
handsome sun parlour, staff sitting room, 13 bed and
dressing rooms all fitted wash-basins, 4 bathrooms.

GARAGE FOR 6 OR MORE WITH CHAUFFEUR'S
FLAT. 3 SUPERIOR COTTAGES. STABLING
WITH 12 LOOSE BOXES.

MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER. COMPLETE
CENTRAL HEATING. MODERN SEPTIC TANK
DRAINAGE. EVERY POSSIBLE MODERN
COMFORT AND LUXURY.

LOVELY GARDENS AND GROUNDS. HARD
AND GRASS TENNIS COURTS. ENCLOSED
SWIMMING POOL. WALLED KITCHEN GAR-
DENS WITH RANGE OF GLASS, ORCHARDS,
PADDocks.

ABOUT 35 ACRES

ALL IN PERFECT ORDER.

PRICE ON APPLICATION

Particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1 (Tel.: REG. 8222).



IDEAL SMALL ESTATE



In a beautiful part of Surrey, 36 miles
from London. 7 miles Dorking.

PICTURESQUE CHARACTER RESIDENCE

part XVth-century with every
modern comfort.
Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms,
5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Kitchen with Esso cooker. Main
electricity, power and water.
Central heating. Modern drainage.
Cottage. Small farmery. Garages.
Pretty gardens, arable and pasture-
land, in all about

27 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £10,000

Immediate possession.

Recommended by: HAMPTON and
SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street,
S.W.1 (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (S.34,680)

SUSSEX AND HAMPSHIRE BORDERS

1½ hours from London just South of the Downs, adjoining and overlooking golf course.

FOR SALE

ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE BEAUTIFULLY FITTED

Lounge (21 ft. 6 ins. by
14 ft. 6 ins.), dining room,
study, 5 or 6 bedrooms,
2 bathrooms.

Companies' electric light
and water.

Main drainage.

Central heating.

LARGE GARAGE.

PRETTY GARDENS of

about 1½ ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD

£8,250

VACANT POSSESSION

Particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.
(Tel.: REG. 8222.)



5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)
Established 1875

NINE MILES FROM EXETER.

ON THE EDGE OF DARTMOOR

Bounded by a Tributary of the Teign.

Sporting rights over 500 acres adjoining.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION

STONE-BUILT DEVON HOUSE

Over 100 ft. up with lovely south views over miles of rolling wooded country.

Hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.

FIRST-CLASS WATER SUPPLY.

GOOD HOT-WATER SYSTEM.

BUS SERVICE PASSES ENTRANCE DRIVE.



PICTURESQUE STONE OUT-BUILDINGS

INEXPENSIVE GARDENS.

MATURED ORCHARD.

WELL GROWN WOODLANDS.

PASTURE AND ARABLE.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY or by AUCTION later with 30 or up to 158 ACRES.

Recommended and Inspected by the Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

Regent
4304

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS

Occupying a quiet position away from traffic nuisances yet within a mile of a station with splendid train service to Town

A MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE thoroughly up to date and in first-class order throughout



Small hall, 3 reception rooms, loggia, usual offices with servants' sitting-room, 6 bedrooms (all with lavatory basins, h. & c.), 2 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating. 2 excellent Garages.

Delightful well-maintained gardens, including lawns, flower beds and borders, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and a small copse. In all A LITTLE OVER AN ACRE.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH DEFERRED POSSESSION

Inspected and recommended by OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,476)

ON ONE OF THE PRETTIEST REACHES OF THE THAMES

To be Sold

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN BRICK BUILT HOUSE

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION WITH ABOUT 150 ft. FRONTAGE TO THE RIVER

Hall, 4 reception rooms, 9-11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.

Main Services. Central Heating. Garage, workshop, and building suitable for conversion into another garage or bungalow.

Tastefully disposed gardens, tennis court, kitchen garden, many fruit trees, etc., in all

About 3 ACRES

Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,498)

SUSSEX

Near to a Village. About 1½ miles from Station. Excellent bus service near by.

AN ATTRACTIVE BRICK-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

Designed by a well-known architect.

3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms (several with fitted basins h. & c.), modern bathroom.

Main electricity. Excellent water supply. Modern drainage.

Garage. Brick-built Stabling.

Delightfully disposed well-matured garden, orchard, kitchen garden, paddock, etc., in all

About 4 ACRES

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Inspected and recommended by OSBORN & MERCER as above. (17,499)

LOVELY OLD PERIOD HOUSE IN KENT

In beautiful well-wooded country near the sea and between the Parklands of two large Estates.

A WEALTH OF OLD-WORLD FEATURES YET UP-TO-DATE WITH MODERN REQUIREMENTS



Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main Services

Central heating.

Guest House (4 bedrooms). Lodge. Outbuildings. Picturesque old-world gardens with lawns, flower gardens, kitchen garden. Running stream with waterfalls. 2 paddocks. In all

ABOUT 8 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (16,573)

3, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvenor
1032-33

OVERLOOKING DENHAM GOLF COURSE

Five minutes' walk of Station. Half an hour from Town.



CHARMING GEORGIAN REPLICA of mellowed red brick, pantiled roof. IN LOVELY SETTING, SECLUDED IN NEARLY 7 ACRES. 7 bedrooms (fitted basins), 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Esse cooker. LABOUR-SAVING IN EVERY DETAIL. 2 garages. MOST ATTRACTIVE GARDENS, LAWNS, paddocks and woodland. FREEHOLD, £12,000.

Early possession.—RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

WEST SUSSEX NEAR PULBOROUGH

Quiet and restful position, close to a village. On bus route.



FINE OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE, entirely modernised and redecorated. Ready to occupy without further outlay. 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall and 3 reception rooms. Central heating. Main electricity and water. Stabling, garage and cottage. REALLY LOVELY GARDENS, FINE OLD TREES, Paddock, in all about 6 ACRES. FREEHOLD, £10,500. Early possession.

Sole Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

184, BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY

Kensington
0152-3

EASY DAILY REACH

SURREY-SUSSEX BORDERS 30 miles, favourite district. Gentleman's highly attractive Residential and Farming Estate of 200 acres, having genuine Tudor residence with lovely old oak in secluded position with beautiful due South views. 2 large reception, 5 bed, 2 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. 5 excellent Cottages with baths and e.l. and good buildings. Highly farmed by owner, in excellent heart and lying very attractively, including very fine paddocks. Ideal for a London man requiring daily access. For sale freehold, with early possession. Recommended. Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Ken. 0152).

BURY ST. EDMUNDS AND DISS (between). Splendid little DAIRY AND MIXED FARM OF 33 ACRES, rich soil. Farmhouse, 2 reception, 4 bed. Modern buildings. Possession. FREEHOLD ONLY £2,300.

DELIGHTFUL LITTLE SPORTING FARM OF 60 ACRES, with half a mile of good trout water. Shooting. Lovely position, heavily timbered—its beauty is poetic—near Abergavenny. The residence, 400 years old, built by the monks; 3-ft. thick walls, some panelling. 2 living-rooms, 2 bedrooms (all large), bath, etc. Farm buildings. Ancient grazing rights on the Black Mountains. An unique and intriguing property. Possession. FREEHOLD, ONLY £2,650.

MOST ATTRACTIVE LITTLE ACCREDITED PLEASURE AND PROFIT FARM in lovely part of Sussex. 1 hour from London. Over 60 ACRES, sloping South. Nice farmhouse approached by avenue of limes. 3 bed, bath, etc. All main services. Cottage with bath. Accredited buildings, Dutch barn, etc. Immediate possession. FREEHOLD ONLY £4,000. Quick inspection advised.

CHANGE OF REAL BARGAIN FOR QUICK SALE. WEST SUSSEX. ACCREDITED FARM, 276 ACRES. Good farmhouse. Splendid buildings, all in first-class order. Modern cowhouses for 50. Cottages. Possession. FIRST OFFER OF £7,500 ACCEPTED (about £26 per acre). Genuine bargain. View at once.

GENTLEMAN'S DEVON FARM. EXETER—NEWTON ABBOT.

NEARLY 140 ACRES amid lovely country and enjoying magnificent views. Excellent Stone-built Residence. 2 reception, 6 bed, bath. Electric light. Ample buildings. About 95 acres of grass with streams. Possession March 25.

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Or Residence, Buildings and 14 Acres, £4,000.

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(ESTABLISHED 1778)

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Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
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BERKSHIRE

Between Maidenhead and Cookham. Overlooking Widbrook Common.



THIS ATTRACTIVE SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE. 4 reception, billiard room or studio, 7 bed, 2 baths. Main electric light, gas and water.

Central heating, modern drainage.

Cottage, garage and useful buildings.

Gardens and grounds of about

2 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD, with early possession

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By Direction of Executors.

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STORRINGTON, near PULBOROUGH, SUSSEX
A CHARMING LITTLE RESIDENCE

containing 2 reception, 5-6 bed, bathroom, etc.
Main electric light and power.
main water, modern drainage.
Garage and stable.

Secluded garden and grounds of about **1½ ACRES**

FREEHOLD, with VACANT POSSESSION on completion.

To be offered for SALE by AUCTION at the STEVNE HOTEL, MARINE PARADE, WORTHING, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, at 3 p.m. precisely (unless previously sold privately).

Illustrated particulars may be obtained of the Solicitors: Messrs. Pitfield & Ogilthorpe, Petworth, Sussex, or of the Auctioneers: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.



F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

A COUNTRY HOUSE OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER

BEAUTIFULLY FITTED AND APPOINTED THROUGHOUT AND EASILY MAINTAINED.

SURREY—BETWEEN DORKING AND LEATHERHEAD



Close to such famous beauty spots as Box Hill, Leith Hill and Runmore Common. High up, with delightful views.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 6-8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Oak floors. Luxurious bathrooms. Tiled domestic offices. All main services. Electric panel heating.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

WELL TIMBERED GARDENS OF SINGULAR CHARM.

TENNIS COURT, KITCHEN GARDEN, Etc.

ABOUT 2 ACRES

THE WHOLE PLACE IS IN BEAUTIFUL ORDER, TASTEFULLY DECORATED AND PRESENTS AN UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE, 10,000 GNS.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

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BETWEEN WINCHESTER and ROMSEY HAMPSHIRE



A CHARMING TUDOR COTTAGE in a quaint old village. 3 sitting rooms, kitchen (Esse), 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Garage and outhouses. Main services ready for connection after the war. Full of character and ready to step into. The gardens are unique with apple, plum, raspberries, gooseberries and black currants. Productive kitchen garden and 3 acres paddock. Just available. **FREEHOLD, £3,250.** Possession.

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THE AGENTS FOR THE WEST

BISHOPS CASTLE, SALOP. £1,850

SMALL GEORGIAN HOUSE on outskirts small old-world town. 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, modern bathroom (h. & c.), 2 w.c.s. Main electricity, water and drainage. 2 staircases. Garage, stables and outbuildings. Excellent garden and paddock. Nearly **2 ACRES.** Vacant possession of house. Apply at once to Sole Agents: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

Just in the Market. Personally Recommended

W. DORSET. 9 ACRES. £6,100

A MOST PERFECT OLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER near good town. 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms (all h. & c.), 3 bathrooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Aga cooker. Cottage. Garages and buildings. Beautiful grounds and 2 paddocks. Post-war possession. Sole Agents: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

SOMERSET 21 ACRES £5,900

FINE OLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER in glorious unspoiled country. 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Esse cooker. 2 cottages. Old gardens. More land available. CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

CHURCH STRETTON, Shropshire. £6,000

THE OLD RECTORY. Roomy Georgian Residence with 3-4 good reception and 10 bedrooms or so. Main services. Old grounds of about **6 ACRES** and usual buildings. Requisitioned at present. Sole Agents: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

CARDIGANSHIRE 38 ACRES £4,500

COMMODOUS STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE. 1½ miles small old Market Town. Hall, 4 reception, 11 beds, bathroom. Electric plant. Gravitation water. Extensive stables and garage. Walled gardens. Woodlands and pasture. **38 ACRES.** Possession 1 year. CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

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With 1½ MILES SALMON and TROUT FISHING £5,500 with 15 ACRES. £9,000 with 450 ACRES

UNIQUE SPORTING PROPERTY with fine old **STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE** of character. Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom. Electricity. Spring water. Garage 4-5, stabling 6. Buildings. One or more farms. Rough grazing and woodlands. Vacant possession of Residence. CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

ROSS-ON-WYE, MONMOUTH £7,000

FINE OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE of character, high up, facing South. Hall, 3 delightful reception, 8-9 bed and dressing, 3 baths. Main electricity. "A and B" Cooker (Aga type). Capital buildings and cottage. **15 ACRES.** Possession June, 1945.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

South of Malvern Hills. 200 Acres. £12,500

GENTLEMAN'S HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL FARM, in lovely country with fine views. Charming House of character. Hall, 3 reception rooms (one 30 ft. long), 6-7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light. Ample buildings, cottage. Splendid land and picturesque woodlands. Possession. Sole Agents: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

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BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, perfectly secluded, near the town, on a picked site. All built and laid out regardless of cost 20 years ago. 5 bed, bath, 2 large reception. Exceptional offices. All main services. Fine garage 3 cars. Lodge and really lovely grounds, **2 ACRES.** Highly recommended. CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

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REQUIRED TO PURCHASE

FORTT, HATT & BILLINGS would welcome particulars of **COUNTRY PROPERTIES** of all sizes, particularly in the **COUNTIES OF SOMERSET, WILTS, GLOS AND DORSET**, WITH OR WITHOUT LAND, FOR NUMEROUS APPLICANTS, EITHER WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION OR POST WAR OCCUPATION.

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CHARMING SMALL FREEHOLD SEASIDE RESIDENCE



With terraced lawns, parcel paths and lily pond, with frontage of 115 ft. to Royal Military Rd.

Lounge, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, dressing-room, 2 bathrooms. Garage with large Studio over.

ELECTRICITY AND GAS AVAILABLE.

Water from perpetual Spring. **MODERN DRAINAGE.**

PROPERTY AT PRESENT REQUISITIONED.

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UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE BUSINESS MAN

25 minutes by car from Town and near to station.

With Vacant Possession.

LOVELY MODERN HOUSE
BEAUTIFULLY EQUIPPED AND IN PERFECT ORDER.

Standing high in a secluded position in a favoured district, north-west of Town, ½ mile from Golf Course, 3 reception rooms, 5 bed and dressing rooms (most with basins), 2 bathrooms. Labour-saving and commodious offices and maids' quarters (entirely separate). Central heating throughout. All main services.

HEATED 2-CAR GARAGE. HOUSE FOR GARDENER. CHARMING AND SECLUDED GARDENS INCLUDING HARD TENNIS COURT. ALL IN PERFECT ORDER AND EXTENDING TO NEARLY

1¼ ACRES

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LINCOLN-NOTTS-LEICESTER BORDERS

4 miles from Grantham on the Great North Road, 20 miles from Nottingham.

THE ALLINGTON ESTATE of 2,334 ACRES

including ALLINGTON HALL, a moderate-sized country house of Georgian character, in a delightful setting. 12 GOOD STOCK AND CORN FARMS, ranging from 50-450 ACRES, ALMOST THE WHOLE OF ALLINGTON VILLAGE, comprising the Village Inn, about 30 Cottages, and numerous attractive SMALL HOLDINGS. THE WHOLE LET (with minor exceptions), TO PRODUCE ABOUT £2,210 PER ANNUM. LOW FIXED OUTGOINGS.

For SALE as a Whole with 1,885 ACRES, Privately, or by AUCTION in numerous Lots, at Messrs. ESCRITT & BARRELL'S SALE ROOM, ELMER HOUSE, GRANTHAM, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1944, at 2 p.m.

Particulars (price 1s. each) may be obtained from the Sole Agents and Auctioneers: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1; or from the Land Agents: Messrs. JAMES MARTIN & Co., 8, Bank Street, Lincoln. Vendor's Solicitors: Messrs. DAYNES, KEEFE & DURRANT, Opie House Chambers, Castlemeadow, Norwich.

FOR SALE WITH VACANT
POSSESSION

STANMORE

THIS ATTRACTIVE HOUSE

with 5 bedrooms, (basins h. & c. in 4 rooms), large attic whole length of house, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, maids' sitting room, and modern domestic quarters.



GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.
ALL MAIN SERVICES.

PRICE £6,500

TO INCLUDE TENANT'S FIXTURES AND FITTINGS.

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Near Tadworth. Convenient for Walton Heath and Banstead Golf Courses.

A WELL BUILT HOUSE

9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, compact offices.

GARAGE WITH FLAT OVER.

CENTRAL HEATING.

COMPANIES' ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.



WELL LAID OUT GARDEN
in all

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

PRICE £6,500 Freehold

VACANT POSSESSION ON
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ELGIN HOUSE, KNOCKHOLT, KENT
In a beautiful country district, 3 miles from Knockholt Station and 6 miles from Sevenoaks. On high ground.

OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE-RESIDENCE

Up to date with CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND WATER.

4 sitting rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 2 modern bathrooms, 2 attics or boxrooms, etc. Garage, stabling, man's rooms over. OLD-ESTABLISHED GARDENS with large trees, lawns, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 2 ACRES.

Vacant possession on cessation of hostilities with Germany.

MAPLE & CO. are instructed to SELL the above by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the LONDON AUCTION MART, 155, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4, in DECEMBER, unless previously sold privately.

Solicitors: Messrs. Carpenter, Wilson & Smith, 22, Surrey Street, W.C.2.

Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers: MAPLE & CO. LTD., as above.



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WILSON & CO.

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BARGAIN AT £5,000

Lovely position 700 ft. up on Surrey-Kent border, near Sevenoaks.



IN AN UNIQUE POSITION enjoying glorious views, 24 miles London. **CHARMING MODERN HOUSE.** 6-7 beds, 2 baths, 3 reception. Main electricity and water, Radiators throughout. Garage. Cottage. Unusually delightful gardens, about 4 ACRES. Post war possession.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

Near LEITH HILL and HOLMBURY
One of the most beautiful parts of Surrey. High up, with magnificent views.



A CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE in finely timbered grounds. 10 beds, 4 baths, 4 reception. Electric light, etc. Stabling, garage. Cottage. Hard court. Paddocks and woodland. For sale with post-war possession.

ONLY £8,500 WITH 12½ ACRES

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

£6,000 WITH POSSESSION
450 ft. up. Under 20 miles London.]



IN A DELIGHTFUL PART OF SURREY

ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE with 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception. Main services. Central heating. Garage and flat. Cottage. Nicely timbered gardens and about 2 ACRES WOODLAND.

FOR SALE WITH 5 ACRES

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TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861.

Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London"

BERKS. Mile Ascot Station. For sale with early possession. **WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE.** Hall, 3 reception, 4 bath, 11 bed (h. & c.). Main services, central heating. ESSE COOKER. Telephone. Double garage. Gardens of an acre.—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,645)

£3,500 FREEHOLD.

FURNITURE OPTIONAL

HERTS-BEDS BORDERS (6 miles Hitchin). **ATTRACTIVE VILLAGE HOUSE.** 3 reception, bath, 4-5 bed. Main services. Telephone. Outbuildings. Acre gardens including kitchen garden.—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,690)

HASLEMERE 3 miles. Magnificent position, delightful **MODERN GEORGIAN RESIDENCE.** 3 reception, billiard room, 3 bath, 11 bed (6 fitted h. & c.). Main electricity; central heating; telephone. Garage for 3. Gardener's cottage. Charming grounds. 2 HARD TENNIS COURTS. Kitchen garden, greenhouses. Really exceptional property. Recommended.—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,649)

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RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE, 116 ACRES

Unspoilt and good sporting district.

COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE

5 reception, 8 principal bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms, 3 baths. Main Electricity. EXCELLENT COTTAGE. STABLING. 2 FARMS (Let).

PRICE FREEHOLD £11,500

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SANDERS' MARKET PLACE, SIDMOUTH.

DEVONSHIRE

SIDMOUTH

FOR POST-WAR OCCUPATION.

One of the most attractive properties of this type in the district. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed, 2 bathrooms, grounds of 1 ACRE. Fine position.

FREEHOLD £6,500

TORQUAY

WITH VACANT POSSESSION

A roomy Family Residence (or suitable for Nursing Home), finely situated, delightful outlook, ½ acre garden. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing, 2 bathrooms.

FREEHOLD. ONLY £4,250

SIDMOUTH

WITH POSSESSION NEXT APRIL.

A charming Modern Residence on a most attractive 2-acre "island site" and with fine views. 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All main services.

FREEHOLD £6,250

CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

(1/6 per line. M(in. 3 lines.)

AUCTIONS

BRIDGE END

KIRKBY THORE, WESTMORLAND

An exceptionally valuable and attractive Freehold Agricultural and Sporting Estate with about 1 mile of Fishing in the River Eden. Vacant Possession on Completion. 232 ACRES (mostly in a ring fence). Well-built Dwelling-house (9 rooms). Extensive and substantially built farm buildings including cow byres for 61, 11-bay Dutch barn, 3-room cottage, etc. This is a splendid Stock-breeding, Dairy and Crop-producing Farm over which there is Good Shooting, and there are also Building Sites and Gravel Deposits. For SALE by PUBLIC AUCTION at 2.30 p.m. on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1944, at ST. ANDREW'S PARISH HALL, PENRITH. For further particulars apply to the Agents, Jos. M. Richardson & Son, 1, Cecil Street, Carlisle; Messrs. Clutterbuck Trevenan and Mawson, Solicitors, Bank Street, Carlisle; or to the Auctioneers, Messrs.

PENRITH FARMERS & KIDDS AUCTION CO., Penrith.

For Sale with Vacant Possession.

A small compact Country Estate of 12 ACRES, known as

EGREMONT, BINFIELD, BERKS.

Within easy reach of Ascot, Windsor, Aldershot and London. The ideal family residence of 5 principal and 3 maids' beds, 2 bath, 3 reception, usual offices, sun parlour, all services, central heating, etc. Beautiful Gardens and grounds, garages for 2, chauffeur's cottage, 4-stall stable, 2 loose boxes, cow-stall, fruit houses, etc. EXECUTORS' SALE by AUCTION at BRACKNELL, BERKS (Southern Electric) on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8. Solicitors: Messrs. T. Richards and Co., 109, Baker Street, W.1. Particulars and Conditions of Sale from the Auctioneers, Messrs.

HUNTON & SON, Bracknell, Berks.

FOR SALE

MEON VALLEY. 3 mins. Station and Bus. Well-built reconstructed Farmhouse, 2½ acres. 5 bedrooms, 3 reception, 2 kitchens, bathroom, airing cupboards, cloakroom, small dairy and workroom; chief rooms 24 ft. by 16 ft. Electricity 100 yds. away, not connected owing to war. Main water and softener. Garden war-neglected but fertile; several tons excellent manure ready. Paddock in good heart. Stalls for 2, loft, barn for garage, henhouse for 20. Owner moving November. £3,500, no offers.—SHARP, Woodmans, West Meon (Tel.: West Meon 71).

FOR SALE

EPSOM. An opportunity to secure an excellent Detached Residence in best part half way between Town and Downs. 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, tiled bathroom and usual offices. Garage, also one for small car. All services. The house stands in its own grounds of ¼ acre. 10 mins. Epsom Station. Frequent bus service, with bus stop 30 yds. yet off the route. At present under requisition by War Department. Price, freehold, £4,000. Apply immediately to BOX 250.

SCOTLAND. For sale, beautifully situated House. Southern aspect, excellent view. 15 rooms with all modern conveniences. Garage, cottages. Walled garden and about 400 acres of land, mostly woodland.—Apply: FRASER & ROSS, Solicitors, Inverness.

SCOTLAND (NORTH-EAST). Sporting Estate for sale privately with about 77 acres of agricultural land and 2,500 acres of grouse ground and river. Sea trout fishing and a few salmon in moss. Trout fishing in lake. House contains 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (besides servants' accommodation). Garage and cottages. For further particulars apply: C. W. INGRAM, F.S.I., 90, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

SUSSEX. Eastbourne 12 miles. Electric trains 4 miles. In a lovely district. Well Modernised XVI-Century Residence, 4 reception, 6-7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electricity and water, central heating. Garages. Nice garden, paddock, 7 acres. Vacant possession. £7,500. Apply: RACKHAM & SMITH, 31, Carfax, Horsham (Tel. 311 and 312).

SUSSEX. Excellent Mixed Farm between Lewes and Uckfield. Fine Tudor Farmhouse, 4 bedrooms. Cowhouse, 2 barns, etc., and 139 acres. Let at £141 p.a. Freehold, £5,000. IBBETT, MOSELEY, CARD & Co., Reigate (Tel. 2938).

SUSSEX, SELSEY. Attractive Tudor type Residence, 5 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, large hall kitchen bathroom. Garage. Good garden. Within 100 yds. of sea. £4,500, freehold. Photographs available upon application to Sole Agent: W. J. EYEBARS, 32, Southgate, Chichester (Tel. 2851).

WANTED

FRUIT. Advertiser requires a reasonably compact holding consisting of 30-50 acres of established orchard and a similar acreage of open land. The fruit should consist of good commercial varieties in good order and the bulk must be young. Good buildings are required and a cold store and a 4-5-bedroom house are desirable. A good price will be paid for the right place.—Write, giving fullest particulars, to BOX 287.

LONDON (within 40 miles of). Woman welfare officer requires Small Cottage to rent.—BOX 292.

WANTED

BERKS, BUCKS, OXON or SUFFOLK preferred. Wanted to purchase for Girls' Private School. Freehold Country House and sufficient land comprising garden and playing field, outhouses, etc. About 15 bedrooms, good kitchens, adequate bathrooms, electric light, main water, good drainage. Near church and small market town and main line station. Possession in nine months.—BOX 289.

BERKS, INKPEN, KINTBURY, RAMSBURY and HUNGERFORD district. An old House or Farm house, 6 to 9 bedrooms, 50-150 acres. Two cottages with fine views.—BOX 231.

COUNTRY. Wanted, Small House with garage, 4 or 5 bedrooms. Within 30 miles of London. Must be on or very near fishing river.—BOX 274.

EAST ANGLIA or NORTH ESSEX. Agricultural and Sporting Estate required to purchase, about 700-1,000 acres, house of character, about 10 bedrooms, good land, suitable dairy and stock rearing. Some woodland essential, river or lake an attraction.—(Applicant E. R.), WOODCOCK & SON, Ipswich.

HOMER COUNTIES to DEVON. Wanted for invalid, Small House or Bungalow, preferably detached, 500 ft. up or more. 3 bed, 2 reception, bath, etc. Main services.—"D", TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley St., W.1.

NORFOLK or THETFORD AREA. Part-time Shooting wanted, 3,000-5,000 acres to rent, commencing next season. Write, giving full particulars.—BOX 207.

RURAL DISTRICT about 30 miles from either Victoria, Charing Cross or Cannon Street. Wanted, Old-world Cottage containing 4 bedrooms, 1 or 2 bathrooms with all modern conveniences. Possession January-February, 1945. Up to 50-100 acres meadow or woodland for shooting. To rent with option to buy. Rental between £250-350 per annum including rates and taxes.—Reply: BOX 291.

SOUTH DEVON COAST. Wanted to purchase or rent. Modern Detached House, dry soil. 3-4 bedrooms, main services, garage, garden.—BOX 290.

WINCHESTER. A lady who has just sold her charming 14-bedroomed Queen Anne house near London, urgently seeks another of the same or similar character, but about half the size, within about 60 miles of London, S.W., W. or N.W., and for preference in the Winchester district or between Winchester and Oxford. Must have really well established garden and a few acres of land, and a cottage or two. No villas considered. Price up to £10,000-£12,000. Possession required by September, 1945 at the latest. Please send full particulars and photographs if possible to Mrs. E. C., c/o JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

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DEVON and WEST DORSET. Owners of small and medium-sized Country Properties, wishful to sell, are particularly invited to communicate with Messrs. SANDERS, Old Fore Street, Sidmouth, who have constant enquiries and a long waiting list of applicants. No sale—No fees.

HAMPSHIRE and SOUTHERN COUNTIES.—22, Westwood Road, Southampton.—WALLER & KING, F.A.I. Business established over 100 years.

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SHROPSHIRE, border counties and North Wales for residences, farms, etc., write the Principal Agents—HALL, WATERIDGE and OWEN, LTD., Shrewsbury. (Tel. 2081.)

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SUSSEX, SURREY, HAMPSHIRE and KENT. To buy or sell a Country Estate, House or Cottage in these counties, consult A. T. UNDERWOOD & Co., Three Bridges, Sussex (Crawley 528), amalgamated with JOHN DOWLER & Co., Petersfield, (Hants (Petersfield 359)).

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c.4

"Handy for Royston, Newmarket, Cambridge, etc."



WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE

IN A QUIANT VILLAGE.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 6-8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Complete offices.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS. USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS. COTTAGE.

CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE.

FASCINATING GROUNDS

inexpensive in upkeep, with lawns, kitchen garden, woodlands, in all

About 3½ ACRES

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BRAKE LININGS

*Make Motoring
Safe*

Mr. Chase to Mr. Gardener

9, The Grange, Chertsey, Surrey,

NOVEMBER.

DEAR MR. GARDENER,

There are only two sowings which can be made this month: peas and broad beans. Neither is absolutely necessary, and if your cloches are all in use the sowings can well be deferred until the New Year. But it is always nice to get the very earliest vegetables and there is this advantage too: the sooner they are off the ground, the sooner will it be ready for another crop.

Broad Beans v. Mickey Mouse

Any longpod variety of broad bean can be sown, using two drills 3 ins. deep and 9 ins. apart. Space each seed at 9 ins. also and "stagger" them so that those in one drill come in between those in the other. A few extra seeds should be sown at the end of the row to fill any gaps which may occur. The great danger is mice, which have an unpleasant habit of eating all the seeds. For this reason the rows must be carefully watched and traps set. In addition, it is well worth while soaking the seeds overnight in a mixture of paraffin and red lead of a creamy consistency.

Peas for this month's sowing

Suitable varieties of peas are Early Bird, Foremost and Laxton's Superb and they should be sown in flat-bottomed drills 6 to 8 ins. wide and 2 to 3 ins. deep. Space the seeds singly in two or three rows, 2 to 3 ins. apart.

How to prepare the Soil

When preparing the soil for both peas and beans, use plenty of compost down below and a little organic fertiliser such as Cloche-Fert in the top 3 ins. The ground should, of course, be covered for a fortnight to warm and, if necessary, dry it, as seeds will rot instead of germinating if sown in a cold water-logged soil. When deciding whether to make these sowings or not, it is most important to consider what size Cloches you have available. Neither crop needs a large Cloche yet awhile, but unless you can plan to cover them with "Long Barns," "Large Barns," or "T" Cloches in January you will be faced with having to uncover when the blossom touches the glass. And this might well mean losing the crop if there are late frosts.

More Demonstrations planned

It was very nice to see so many of you at our Demonstration at Chertsey in August. It seems rather late for me to say so, but space is limited and I thought you would not mind if I waited until there was a lull in gardening activities, and this month provides such a time. Over 400 Guild Members turned up and although there were many "regulars" it was very pleasant to make so many new acquaintances. Though I shall continue to hold Demonstrations here, I hope soon to be in a position to invite you to one somewhere in your own neighbourhood. Conditions vary so very much that I feel certain more benefit will be obtained in this way, as you will be able to receive advice from local experts who are thoroughly conversant with local conditions of soil and climate.

J.H. Chase



Interior in the manner of Wm. Kent with early Georgian style Furniture. Sketched at Harrods by Hanslip Fletcher

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVI. No. 2494

NOVEMBER 3, 1944



Yvonne Gregory

MISS EILEEN PHIPPS

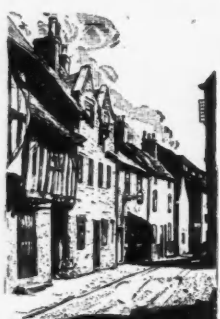
Miss Eileen Phipps, Junior Commander A.T.S., will accompany her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester, to Australia as a Lady-in-Waiting. She is the second daughter of Mr. C. B. H. Phipps and Lady Sybil Phipps

COUNTRY LIFE

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SITES AND EYESORES

THE hopes widely expressed for a fairer land and more seemly towns as a result of better planning and building after the war assume not only that the appearance of things will be more carefully considered than they have been for a century past, but a general agreement on the kind of scene that it is desired to see, in street or landscape. When the countryside was given its present form, and our country towns, including most of the older cities, were reconstructed in the eighteenth century, men had a definite picture in their minds' eye of what they wanted. Towns, however remotely, were desired to reflect the sane classic orderliness of ancient Rome as they imagined it, even if new façades and nicely proportioned doors and windows were their only Roman features. Landscape, though devoted to a thriving husbandry, they worked to approximate to the Dutch and Italian pictures hanging on their walls; it was to be "picturesque," affording the same visual pleasure that eyes educated in enjoying pictures found in the Masters' compositions. These two standard patterns begot the elysium of Georgian England, and one of the chief problems to-day is how a community, visually not so well educated (if at all), and distracted by rival theories of art, is to reach agreement on the kind of picture to be created, let alone to impose a standard of taste on all the other interests involved in town and country.

Already the kind of disputes liable to arise are to the fore. In the Highland electricity schemes and the electrical cooling towers projected at Durham and Lincoln, great industrial interests run counter to accepted visual standards. Sir Lawrence Chubb has raised in *The Times* the subject of advertisement hoardings on buildings and country roads, suggesting that sites for them should be licensed in advance instead of offending hoardings being removed, with much difficulty, after erection. Some years ago there was a celebrated case that failed to secure the removal of hoardings from a main road in Middlesex because the Justices decided that the country's serene, if flat, farm land did not constitute scenery in the meaning of the Act. That was a notable instance of public failure to agree on what it is desired to see, and of the Ruskinian fallacy that the only valuable scenery is mountainous. Again, many a town, in which the attractive older quarter has got bogged in commercialism, with strident fascias obliterating its architecture, garages and cinemas destroying its ordered neatness, a cleansing blitz has opened the way for a new town centre to be built in which the elements of civic life may be worthily housed. Will these opportunities be seized and the chaos of High Street be excluded? And, if so, will the new picture reflect the dignified tradition of the old, albeit in a modern form?

The debates on the Town and Country Planning Bill have been too exclusively devoted to its financial aspect to shed much light on such questions of actual planning and design. Its object is to enable local authorities to acquire sites for such purposes, and it is implicit that the powers they already possess will be used for orderly design. If an authority chooses to lease land so acquired for development, it has power to impose conditions, and in any case the consent of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, which may also impose conditions, must be obtained for the lease. Control over the design of buildings is inherent in any planning scheme, though not specifically required by law. Which all boils down, once again, to the picture that the community, through its elected representatives, wishes to see realised. In practice, much depends on the borough surveyor being a good architect and not merely a sanitary inspector. He, or a consultant engaged for the purpose, can instil and cajole the right ideas. It is worth small authorities considering, if they hesitate to incur the modest fee of a consultant architect on their own, to group together to secure the services of a first-rate man.

MOZART IN THE FACTORY

*LIKE dew amidst the clatter and the sweat
Your music falls, each cool and limpid phrase
Rings crystalline, and hearing, I forget
The futile rush of minutes and the maze
Where thought retreats confused. Enchanted
sounds
That tell of smooth, clipped lawns, of hedges
trimmed
To darling fancies, and those dancing rounds
Of youth whose spring was never stained nor
dimmed.
There is an ecstasy the heart still feels
Though it must pulse to the insensate rage
Of clashing metal and of grinding wheels,
The orchestrated terror of its age.
For beauty still lives on, untouched, remote,
Winging through chaos its triumphant note.*

PHYLLIS MEGROZ.

THE SPLITTING-UP OF FARMS

WE called attention the other day to the purchase of farms reported from various parts of the country with a view to their being resold in lots—often completely unworkable as separate holdings—at prices which give satisfaction to the speculator but certainly not to his victims. The Minister of Agriculture has since replied to a question on the subject in the House of Commons, saying that if he were satisfied that the production of food was likely to be affected by such splitting up of the land he would use his powers under the Defence Regulations to ensure its proper cultivation. This simply means, as we said, that after the mischief has been done the Agricultural Executive Committees can step in in the interests of good farming. They cannot, however, assist the speculator's victims out of the troubles into which their credulity has plunged them by getting their money back. Mr. Hudson said, somewhat naturally, that he regarded the sale and purchase of small plots which were unsuitable for intensive cultivation—and especially when unprovided with dwellings and farm buildings—as against the national interest. Fortunately the possibilities of this "splitting-up" racket are severely limited by the fact that farming tenants cannot be dispossessed as the result of a sale unless it can be shown that their replacement is likely to lead to an increase in production. Apart from this, the Minister admits that he has no power to stop such sales or, as some critics have suggested, to display in auction rooms an official opinion on the matter.

RABBIT TRAPPING

MR. HUDSON'S reply to another question, as to whether he would consider suspending the prohibition on placing steel traps in the open, showed that the Ministry of Agriculture is fully aware of the danger, when traps are laid in the rabbit runs, of catching not only rabbits but every creature that crosses the ground. At the same time it drew from the Minister the clear statement that "the

wild rabbit, though considerably reduced in numbers, is still a pest whose destruction is essential in the interests of food production." For the moment, therefore, the question whether the emergency relaxation of the prohibition of the use of steel traps in the open should be discontinued remains undecided. That it kills off the natural enemies of the rabbit—stoats and weasels—is a long-term point against it almost as strong as the lack of discrimination in its slaughter. At the same time the main problem remains. The increased extent and value of war-time production has made the effects of the rabbits' depredations more evident, and has left those who, in one form or other, adopt the "poor bunny" attitude with little in the way of argument to support their emotion. If this is no justification for causing avoidable pain to the rabbit or any other animal it is a sound reason for continuing by every humane device at our command the destruction of an animal which preys so disastrously upon the farmer's crops. Though the ideal rabbit-killer has probably still to be devised, there are several types of steel trap which are unexceptionable if used in their proper place. One of the great troubles is that time and men are not available to-day for a consistent intensification of the old methods of ferreting, wiring and careful supervision of wide-mouthed traps. On the other hand gassing is available and humane, and agricultural production to-day cannot afford to ignore any method of defeating its enemies.

RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER'S small son by being christened Richard will hardly set a fashion, since that fine old name is already popular, but he will doubtless enhance it. The statement as to Catherine Morland's father that he was "a very respectable man though his name was Richard" may leave us in doubt about Miss Austen's day, but there is none as to to-day. There is a tide in the christian names of small boys and girls, and Richards are now at the flood. Moreover they are no longer, as they once were, disguised as Dick but enjoy the full and sonorous dignity of their name. In this respect they give evidence of an unquestionable trend of fashion in favour of names in their original form. Where are the Jacks and Johnnies of yester year? To-day they are one and all called John. There are fewer Franks but more Francises, and even Thomas is by no means necessarily Tom. And the same rule seems to hold good with the other sex. The Marys and Elizabeths far outnumber all the Mollys and Pollys, Bessys and Lizzys put together. Those who can find subtle and recondite causes for everything may see here a resolve to treat children more seriously, but the simpler explanation is probably the better, namely that a fine name is best left unabbreviated and unmutated.

A STRANGE LAPSE

NEMESIS waits on the most venial slips that seem the most unlikely to be detected. The schoolboy illicitly smoking behind a haystack is sure to encounter a master on his country walk. It appears that in Moscow the other day Mr. Churchill smoked a cigarette, for the first time by his own account for twenty years, and of course while doing so he met the Charge d'Affaires from Cuba, the home of the cigar. It was, as he remarked, "strange" that he should do so, but that is the way with Nemesis. We expect a high standard of consistency from our public men, and it is to be hoped that this was but a temporary backsliding on the Prime Minister's part. His cigar, his V-sign and his nautical headgear have become so much a part of him and have so twined themselves round our heart-strings that we could not bear to have any of them changed. It was lately announced in the House of Commons that a consignment of briar for pipes might soon be expected from North Africa. That was good news for many pipe-smokers, whose old friends are by this time something the worse for wear, but it is to be hoped that it will not tempt Mr. Churchill into any more experiments in his smokes.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

RECENTLY an argument arose by the threshing machine between the local constable and a farmer as to whether the wire-netting for rat extermination should be erected round the rick whether there were rats present or not. The policeman, a stickler for propriety on all occasions, held that the netting should be there in any circumstances as a gesture to the authority of the W.A.E.C. and the majesty of the pest officer, but the farmer held that it was all nonsense, or words to that effect, to try to catch rats which did not exist. I was not present to hear the final outcome of the argument, and gathered that action was to be left in abeyance until a rat had been seen and clearly identified. To the best of my belief the farmer was right, and there were no rats on his farm, but whether, taking into consideration the general cussedness of rats and things, this immunity would remain, if a form of wager depended on it, is a debatable point. A rat is a species of vermin which has a gift of looking into the future, and is quite capable of being present in great strength at short notice to defeat the best-laid plans of man and the prognostications of the most reliable prophet.

* * *

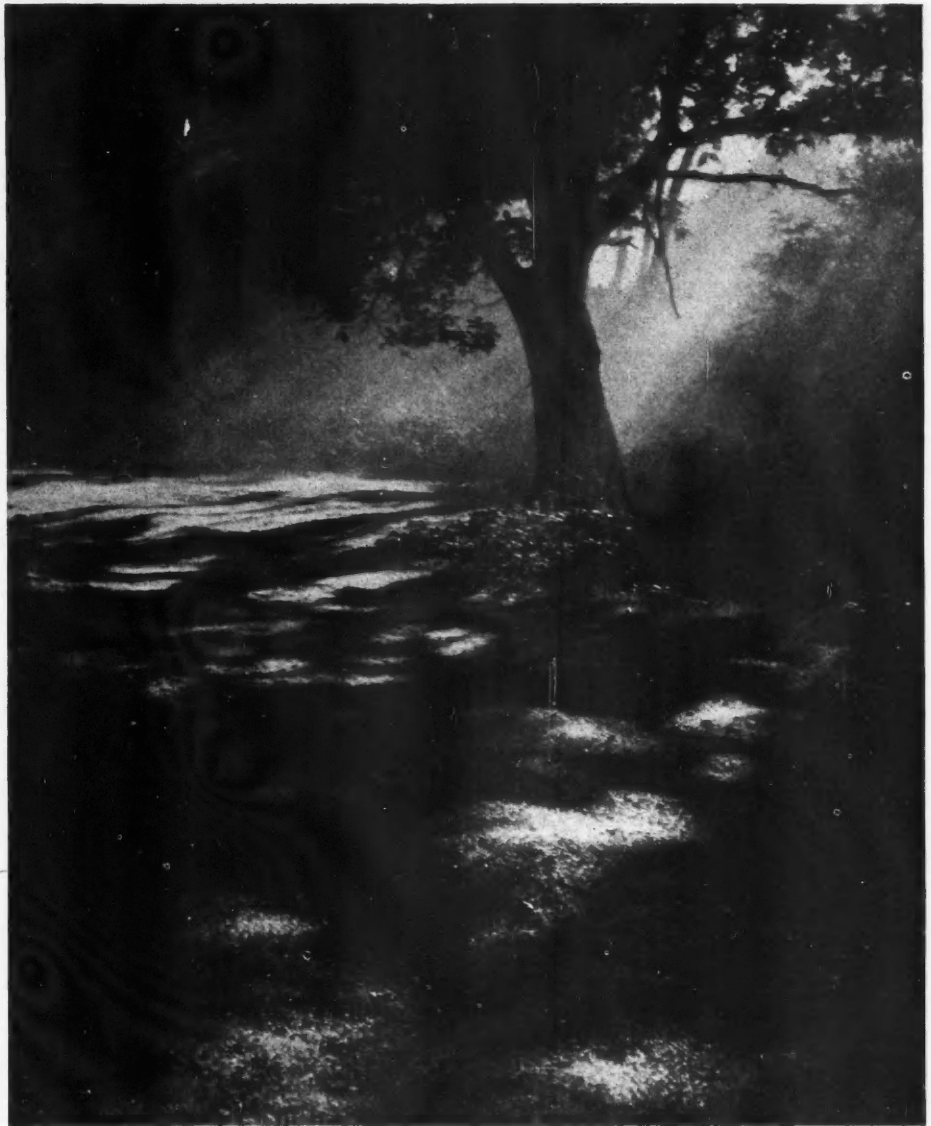
ONE of the earliest and most clean-cut of my boyhood memories is the two-note drone of the threshing machine, and owing to deafness I am not quite certain if the pleasant hum of this implement is quite the same now as it was in the days of my youth. Then, in the interests of the terriers, my brother and I were regular attendants at every threshing in the vicinity, and we would locate the machine and the rick early in the day, estimating the time the work would take, so as to be present when the rat exodus began with the last two layers of sheaves. The hum of the threshing machine, therefore, was a most welcome sound, heralding the perfect day, and for this reason it remains as a vivid memory of my youth.

I have a suspicion that the note of the modern machine has deteriorated in rhythm and music as has modern poetry, which conveys nothing to my old-fashioned ears that are tuned in among other things to Masfield's *Twilight* and:

There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone
at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my
friend.

* * *

I HAVE heard some remarkable wild-life stories recently which have aroused feelings of jealousy and a natural desire to cap them. There was one related by a good lady, who ran a well-stocked breakfast-table for a special robin, and the bird showed its gratitude by bringing her a choice worm every morning, which he placed on her pillow as she lay in bed. During the nestling feeding season this year, one of my robins came on to my breakfast-table with a beak already full of scraps of worm and mashed grubs, and these he placed on my 2-oz. pat of butter while he helped himself to the commodity. When he flew out of the room again he left his own ration behind on the butter, but I am not certain if it was a gift dictated by gratitude, a fair exchange of food-stuffs, the result of his inability to carry it off owing to his beak being full of butter, or just pure forgetfulness.



AUTUMN FLOOD-LIGHT: EPPING FOREST, ESSEX

J. A. Brimble

ANOTHER story concerns a pair of spotted flycatchers, who found the hole in the nest-box provided for them too small and who were obviously greatly fussed about it. Then the cock bird went off and fetched a nuthatch who speedily enlarged the hole, and all was well. I find this proof of the existence of a helpful community spirit among birds most pleasing and wish that I had some direct evidence to corroborate it. All I can do is to state that the Light Sussex cock who acts as sheikh to the harem of hens in my poultry run has a very large and pendulous wattle and, as he is a messy feeder, this is always covered with mash after breakfast. Certain favourite hens who are allowed to take liberties, then lead him off to a quiet corner where they tidy him up, and I should like to think that their action is dictated by wifely affection and a natural desire to see their male property smart and well-turned-out, but I do not feel very certain about it.

* * *

MY dealings with water have caused me so many set-backs that I do not require any demonstration to convince me that this element constitutes an unknown quantity, and it is doubtful if any hydrologist can predict exactly what will happen when he returns to the pastimes of his youth and plays with water. As everyone is aware, there is a water shortage in the south of England, and this is very apparent here on the western slopes of the New Forest, where, in front of all the cottages on those isolated plots acquired by the forefathers of the present generation through "squatter rights" in the days prior to Charles II, there stand 20-gallon tanks of water supplied by the

Rural District Council to tide over the drought. Here is evidence in plenty that almost every well in the vicinity has dried up, and, it must be remembered, that most of them have withstood previous droughts.

* * *

A VERY short distance away to the east, and situated on a completely isolated plateau of roughly one square mile, is the site of a war-time lumberman's camp, and here, on a slope about 10 ft. below the general high level, a barrel has been sunk into the ground to provide a temporary water supply from a small surface spring. Although on lower levels in every direction all the deep and shallow wells have dried up, and show little signs of recovery with the usual Autumn rise in levels, this barrel is to-day brimful of clear water, and a merry little trickle is winding its way through the bog myrtle and heather. There are obvious signs also that the flow has not been caused by a recent rain, as the tiny stream is filled with aquatic growths. The extraordinary part of this healthy little supply in a droughty land is that its catchment area is one square mile of moor and nothing else, for the plateau is cut off on all sides by valleys, and there is no connection anywhere with surrounding high lands, the drainage from which might account for a constant flow.

"It requires a first-class prophet to foretell what water will do," as I said on the occasion when my concrete reservoir for a Sinaitic village supply opened up at night like a dahlia bud in Autumn and washed many of the inhabitants of the village from their beds.

FLAX-GROWING IN ENGLAND

By W. E. BARBER

A GOOD many people, apart from those whose ignorance of matters agricultural is complete, have probably been puzzled as to the identity of a straw crop bearing pale blue flowers which has made its appearance during the Summer months on farms where it was never seen before. To the Ulsterman it is a familiar sight, and in Scotland, too, many crofters and small farmers grow a little flax or did until recently—a relic of the days when its cultivation was much more widespread and the ladies of many a farmer's household made themselves responsible for converting the flax fibre into the finished linen.

The intention of this article, however, is not to lament the decay of flax spinning as a rural industry, but to give some account of the flax mills which with the stimulus of war-time demand have grown up under the aegis of the Ministry of Supply. "Grown up" is probably the best term to apply, for a few of them already existed. These have greatly expanded their output. They continue to work under their original direction, but to a scheme controlled entirely by the Ministry. Other mills have been brought into existence entirely by the Ministry's efforts and these are worked directly under its control.

Recent statistics produced by the Ministry of Agriculture show the acreage of flax in England and Wales in 1939 as 4,000. The preliminary figure given for 1944 is 65,000 acres and a later and reliable estimate raises the figure to 70,000.

It will be asked why there should be this war-time demand for flax sufficient to justify its being grown as a crop in a country where it is something of a stranger and whose agriculture is almost entirely given up to food production. The answer of course is that since 1939 it has been impossible to obtain normal supplies of flax fibre from overseas and that the requirements of war have vastly increased the demand for all those commodities for which the fibre is required. Enormous quantities of canvas are required for tents, aeroplanes and a thousand other military uses. Flax fibre is wanted for parachutes in very large quantity. There are many other uses for which the finer sorts of linen are required.

Before the war, as we have seen, home production was negligible. Northern Ireland farmers produced 21,000 acres of flax in 1939. The rest of our supplies all came from overseas. No wonder then that the Ministry of Agriculture should declare that the development of home flax production in Great Britain has been one of the outstanding achievements of the war. It is an achievement to be proud of.

At the same time thoughtful people will certainly remember that, like many other war-time achievements, it is the product of abnormal demands and is backed by war-time finance. It is interesting as well as important, therefore, to consider what prospect our newly built flax industry has of survival in the post-war world. Will it be worth while for strategic or social reasons to extend to it sufficient protection of one sort or another to keep it prosperous? Or has it in any case a serious chance of standing on its own feet?

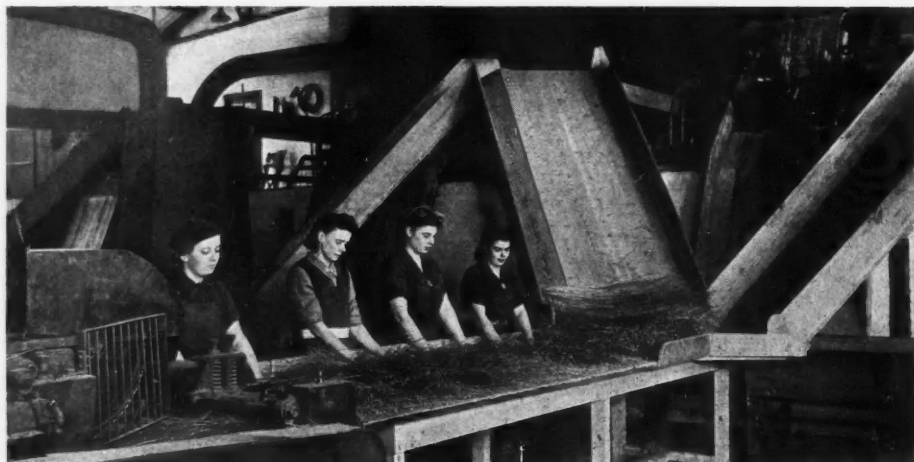
First, however, there must be a word as



1.—FLAX STRAW BEING UNLOADED ON TO ELEVATORS ON THE WAY TO THE DESEEDING MACHINES



2.—STRAWS BEING STRAIGHTENED AND FED TO THE DESEEDER



3.—DESEEDED STRAW BEING FED TO THE SCUTCHING MACHINE

to flax and its uses. More people than are puzzled by the blue-flowered crop are unaware that the seeds of the flowers are popularly known as linseed. The philologically-minded may spend happy hours in looking up in the *New English Dictionary* the etymologies and variant meanings of the group of words connected with linen and flax—including lint and linseed and not forgetting "line." So far as flax is concerned, they will discover a difference of opinion as to whether the word—to put it briefly—describes the flexible qualities of the plant, or whether it is the flaying process it undergoes which gave the plant its name.

Certainly "flaying" is a very good description of the process technically known as "scutching," which is the basic feature of the production of the fibre from the plant. This process is certainly as old as the Swiss lake dwellings and *linum usitatissimum* was cultivated 5,000 years ago in Mesopotamia, Assyria and Egypt in order that its resistant and flexible textile fibre might be separated by some form of scutching.

It should be explained here that another process known as "retting," which is a kind of fermentation under water, has always been used to assist in the production of the fibre required for the finer kinds of linen. Pliny in his *Natural History* describes how "the stalks themselves are immersed in water warmed by the heat of the sun, and are kept down by weights." He goes on to tell how the reeds are taken out after maceration and turned over in the sun and then beaten by mallets on stone slabs.

It is important that the significance of retting, such as that described by Pliny, in the production of flax for fine linen and other such purposes should be understood. All flax is not retted. For many purposes it is not necessary, and at the modern flax mills in this country to-day only the best flax is very carefully selected for purposes of retting. The inferior grades are simply scutched, by which process the flax fibre is separated from the woody core and the "green" fibre resulting is found perfectly adequate for many of the purposes for which it is required.

It is used, for instance, in the manufacture of parachutes, and the requirements for this purpose increased from 93,000 tons in 1943 to 124,000 tons in 1944. This "green" unretted fibre is coarser and never bleaches so white as



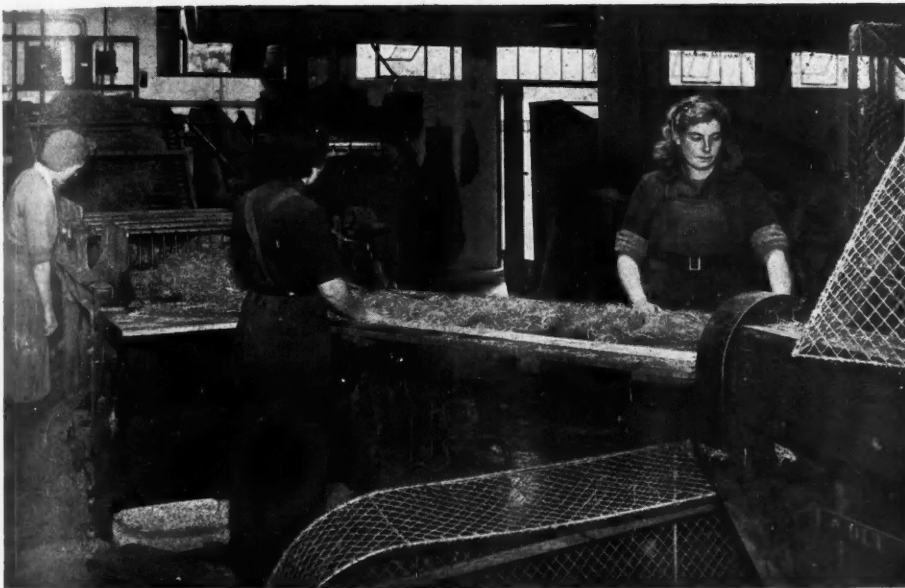
4.—SELECTION AND GRADING OF FLAX FIBRE AFTER SCUTCHING

The deseeding machines employed at Devizes do it much more rapidly and quickly remove the ten seeds which every seed-pod or "boll" contains. (See Fig. 2.)

At Devizes all the seed which is not broken or damaged is either supplied to the farmers who grow the flax or sold for seed purposes. Damaged seeds are sold for crushing or the manufacture of cake. It is also possible to dispose, sometimes at very good prices, of other seed (such as charlock) which is sometimes found in small quantities mixed with the linseed.

The chaff, too, is sold and at the present time naturally finds a ready market. The next operation if the flax is to remain "green" is scutching, and in Fig. 3 the deseeded and rearranged straw is seen being fed into the scutching machine. This consists of two parts. In the first the woody interior of the straw is broken by passing the straw over cogged wheels. In the second the straw is "flayed" by revolving knife-edges and the skin and the woody "shive" are removed from the fibre. The flax fibre then undergoes a process of selection by hand and is graded and baled—it is worth noting—according to its farm of origin.

Something must now be said of the higher



5.—PREPARATION OF TOW FROM DAMAGED STRAWS FROM THE SCUTCHERS

the retted fibre, which is the joint product of very careful selection at every stage and a carefully controlled fermentation which removes just enough but not too much gum from the fibre.

A microscopic section of a flax straw shows within the thin epidermis a cortex in which the precious fibres are embedded surrounding a woody core which is known to the industry as "shive." It is by scutching that the fibre is separated from all the other material. But the fermentation during the process of retting (if this has taken place) has previously removed certain ingredients from the fibre and made it softer, stronger and more pliable. The finest flax produced by British mills in this way to-day is priced at over £300 a ton.

In the illustrations accompanying this article are seen various stages in the transformation of the bundles of flax straw, as it comes from the farm, into the finished fibre which goes to the spinner. The photographs were taken at the Flax Mill at Devizes in Wiltshire which is one of the three belonging to English Flax Limited. In Fig. 1 the flax straw is seen being unloaded on to elevators after passing over the mill weigh-bridge. The first process the straw undergoes is "deseeding." This process, often known as reppling, was at one time generally done on the farm when the flax was pulled and was a sort of hand combing.



6.—RETTED FLAX BEING "CHAPELLED" IN THE DRYING FIELDS



(Above) 7.—FINISHING ON THE HAND SCUTCHING WHEELS

grade, better quality flax which is selected for retting and which eventually produces the finest and smoothest fibre which is the most valuable product of the mill. For all the flax straw which the mill purchases one of the first requisites is even level in the bundles. The reason will be obvious to anybody who considers the photographs showing the deseeding and scutching processes. Clearly these cannot be efficiently carried through except with bundles of straw of even length. Length in itself (or height in the field) is not the only desirable characteristic, but it is an important one, and often accompanies the other good qualities which only an expert can estimate.

Probably the best way of indicating what these qualities are would be to give a copy of the official grading (with prices) as shown in the 1944 contract, which every farmer must sign before he plants his crop. But there is not space here, and it may be sufficient to say that Grade 1 (for which £13 15s. a ton is paid) "must average between 34 and 40 ins. in the field, must be of good colour, well seeded, uniform in thickness of stem, but not coarse, level and free of weed and second growth." The other grades are shorter and come shorter in the other qualities required.

For the purpose of pricing, samples of the various



(Left) 8.—A LEADING HAND WHO SELECTS THE FINEST FIBRE

grades are kept at the mill for reference and comparison. A preliminary grading is done in the field by experts who provide the mills with an intelligence service covering the whole agricultural area from which they derive their flax. The final grading is done at the factory, and in the event of dispute the grade is determined by sampling and processing.

The choice of flax for retting, it will be seen, is a highly expert matter and involves constant observation of the flax crops both in the field and when it is stacked and thatched on the farmer's premises.

The retting tank, from which wet retted flax is taken for conveyance to the drying fields, is first stacked closely to the roof with the bundles of selected flax. Above the tank are two tanks of hot and cold water which can be mixed and kept at a constant temperature. The flax bundles are covered with cold water to the roof of the tank and the subsequent fermentation is controlled by the injection of warmed water from below at fixed intervals. The flax provides its own ferment, and judging by the fact



9.—FIBRE SELECTED AND BALED READY FOR DELIVERY TO THE SPINNERS



that at Devizes the water is drawn direct from the Kennet and Avon Canal there would seem to be no particular virtue—as is commonly supposed—residing in it. The control of fermentation by raising and depressing the temperature would appear to be the essential part of the process, which is to some extent empirical and controlled by reference from time to time to the condition of the ret as observed from the top.

When the retted flax has been removed it is carefully dried in the drying fields (Fig. 6) and the bundles or sheaves are carefully turned over so as to ensure even drying. The "scutchability" of flax (to coin a word) depends largely on its humidity, and electrical apparatus is used for estimating this. If its humidity is suitable it is then scutched like the green flax and may afterwards (Fig. 7) be given an extra finish on hand-scutching wheels, before it is ready for the spinners. While this most valuable product is being turned out in one department, the damaged straws from the scutchers are being separately dealt with and converted into "tow," which can itself be used to produce a rough linen. There is in fact very little if any waste in the flax mill of to-day. The "shive" is used as fuel and avoids the use of coal for any purpose. Even the broken seeds and chaff are sold.

This does not mean, of course, that in post-war circumstances this economic efficiency will guarantee a profit. If strategic reasons are not sufficient to justify protection for the new industry, however, there may well be serious social arguments for this course. Light industries are required for our country towns, and particularly industries—like sugar-beet and flax processing—which deal with the produce of the countryside.

At present such a mill as that at Devizes runs a series of shifts throughout the 24 hours and workers are brought in from the villages and returned to their homes by bus. In peace-time it might well be possible to arrange things so that a Summer on the farms for many workers might be combined with Winter work in the mill. These are all matters worthy of consideration when the post-war position of the industry comes to be considered.

(Left) 10.—BAGGING OFF THE SEED

BERT BARLEY—COACHMAN

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

ONE hundred years ago, in the sweet April weather of 1844, young Bert Barley left his farm-house on the edge of the gorsy common which overlooked the thatched cottages and shining water meadows of Eastleigh in Hampshire. He went to London to find his fortune from horses.

Sir Robert Peel was Prime Minister: Whittlesay Mere was not yet drained; John Peel was still alive and hearty at Caldbeck; men wore tight-waisted, long-frocked coats, strapped pantaloons and tall hats; coaches ran on the roads in the land and 12 miles an hour, including stoppages, was reckoned very fast going indeed: Robert S. Surtees was creating Mr. Jorrocks and Soapy Sponge and Harry Scattercash and the rest; men shot with muzzle-loaders; in London all transport was by horse. And the Telegraph coach was running from Guildford to London with very probably William Cobbett as a fulminating passenger.

To-day, Bert Barley the Third is one of the last of the professional coachmen in London, or indeed in England, a master of the ribbons, as he is of everything to do with a horse. And in his yard the old Guildford Telegraph coach, still fit to take the road, waits for the day when we shall put in a team and to the jingle of bars and the creak of leather, rumble out of the yard and "down the road" to a peace-time Derby or Ascot or to a four-day tour through the leafy lanes of Hertfordshire. For that is what Bert Barley did until this war rang down the curtain on the pleasant ways of peace.

Talking with him in his snug saddle-room in the stables in Queen's Gate Terrace Mews, we ran over old memories and older records—for I have known Bert for a good many years now. He is white-haired in spite of his 50-odd years, with a humorous brown eye and a careful grey one, a quick, crab-like walk, half trot, half run, sensitive hands, a finely chiselled face and a mobile mouth. You could not mistake him for anyone but an Englishman with his tweed overcoat, ivory-handled malacca cane and good, hard, hunting bowler—an Englishman with an eye for a horse and the face of a scholar.

But see him riding one of his blood Irish hunters in the Row or guiding it through the traffic at Albert Gate and you see a different man—lithe, youthful, whipcord-and-velvet in human form, with a good leg for a boot and hands that are violin strings to a horse.

"My father had 450 horses in Cross Street, Finsbury and at our other stables," said Bert reflectively to the stable cat. "Yes, 450—think of it! Now we're down to 27 titts! Ah! those were the days of the horse. We horsed everything from vans to four-in-hand coaches—two of 'em always ready for the road—broughams, gigs, landaus, Victorias, dog-carts, brakes, tandems, tub carts, ralli carts, pelhams, Canterbury, Lawton gigs—even a real Georgian curricule, such as good old Dick Balls used to drive only a year or two before the war. What lovely turn-outs—and now we run to ketch a bus. Dear oh dear oh me!

"We put our horses out to grass in Skreens Park, a lovely big old park near Ongar, or on the marshes down at Barking where we've run horses for a hundred years."

Before Sir Percy Laurie revolutionised the mounted police the Barleys, father and son, horsed the London police and the City Marshal—his horse is still waiting for him now down at Barking—and, as a crowning achievement, provided the Regular Army with 1,600 horses for a grand mock war in the Eastern Command in 1937—the last official test of the horse v. mechanised vehicles.

Never again will lancers, hussars or yeomanry charge stirrup to stirrup, never again will breastplates gleam or pennons dance in war. But in film battles and recaptured romances, Bert Barley still plays his part, for he has horsed the actors and acted himself in such films as *Canterbury Tales*; *When Knights were Bold*; *Kipps*; *I Was a Spy* and *Colonel Blimp*

—which reminds me of the day when I called at the stables and asked for Bert.

"Guv'nor's down at Denham, sir," said a stable-hand.

"Doing a film."

"What as?"

"Roman hemperor or sufink—rides an 'orse in harmour. Jest rung up ter say as its ruddy cold, wot wiv the draughts between the chinks, and that he 'ad ter use a ladder ter git in the saddle!"

Bert is an inveterate dealer. He will buy and sell anything from an entire troop of cavalry horses to a coach or gig, a goat or dog, chickens or a monkey. It is only a year ago that he bought a donkey, put it in a taxi and sent it home to the yard by itself!

Once upon a time that yard was a miniature farm in London, with a cow, rabbits, chickens, pigeons which cooed in the sun, a flock of goats, a hutch of rabbits and a monkey.

The cow accompanied its master one night into the bar parlour of the Woolpack Inn in Moorfields and calmly consented to be milked there by enthusiastic customers who liked warm milk with their whisky. "Easy enough to get the old girl into the bar, but she nearly wrecked the house when we tried to get her out."

Then there was the gay night in 1910, when, 24 years old and audacious, after driving his gig round the West End with "a couple of larkie friends up from the country," with the monkey I have mentioned sitting quietly on the seat, they paused at that now vanished inn, The Swallows in Swallow Street, off Piccadilly, for "one for the frog and toad."

While the Cockney landlord was putting the question: "Now, gentlemen, what is it—pig's ear, a needle an' pin, or a pimple an' blotch?" (beer, a drop of gin or a thimble of Scotch) one of the larkie friends released the monkey from its chain. Like a flash the animal sprang on to the spirit shelf. It knocked over half a dozen bottles, cleared another shelf in a splintering cascade, took a flying leap on to the enormous old Victorian chandelier and rained down candles and glass on to the stupefied customers and the apoplectic landlord!

"That monkey cleared the bar quick as a gun," said Bert with a wise grin. "Did fifty pounds' worth of damage like winking. The landlord went for me like a pickpocket. Called me every name you couldn't print. Rang up the police and they poured in just as the customers shot out. I'd grabbed the monkey then and shoved him into Jack Chandler's arms. He bolted out by the side door with the monkey under his arm just as the police charged in at the front."

"Here's the man who let that—monkey loose!" yelled the landlord, pointing at me.

"Where is this monkey?" demanded the inspector, staring at the broken bottles.

"Monkey? I've got no monkey," I said. "The man with the monkey has just done a bolt with it! I've got enough trouble with horses without keeping monkeys."

"Well, the landlord stood me a drink after that and a handsome apology for his language and we all parted friends!"

I reminded him slyly of the night when his flock of four nanny goats, with seven bleating kids, escaped from the yard and wandered blissfully through the deserted streets of the City until arrested by the police and taken to the cells.

"Cost me a bob a head to get them out," said Bert ruefully. "And then, when I took 'em home and stopped for a quick one, blest if the whole lot didn't follow me into the pub. That caused a bit of bother too!"

But, such light and boyish memories apart, my own recollections of Bert are of those good,



gay and English days before the war when coaching had once again come into its own and the shades of Jim Selby and old Ted Fownes, of Sir Charles Tregellis and Sir Vincent Cotton, Lord Harborough and Sir John Lade, had found their modern disciples.

I think of that bright Summer's day when we swung at a jingling trot into the gates at the Richmond Horse Show to see near enough a score of beautifully turned-out coaches trotting round the ring with Miss Josephine Colebrook, barely in her twenties, giving the men a lesson in finished coachmanship.

And when, towards midnight, through a Piccadilly which was ablaze with lights and packed with cars, we swung jingling and rumbling at a smart trot, horn blowing and pedestrians waving, from Hyde Park Corner to the Berkeley without scraping a wheel or dusting an inch of anyone's paint. Only a real coachman could have done it so surely and deftly in that after-theatre press of cars.

Then there was that day at Aylesbury in 1938 when six and forty coaches or so set out through the Buckinghamshire villages on the great Coaching Marathon to Princes Risborough—a day of lowering clouds and driving rain but an historic day for all that. I was brakesman on the coach of the late Mr. Bertram Mills, and we thought we had the cup in the bag. But Bert swept the board—"had trouble with the blacks, hadn't you?" he reminded me quizzically—and not only carried off the Marathon Cup but won the Road Coach Cup outright the same day, a *tour de force* never since equalled.

I think, too, of Stanley Cave, grand old man of coach guards, still alive, and of Harry Love, the greatest hornblower in the world, who could wake the hills and valleys with his yard of tin; of poor Percy Hamilton-Hughes, now, alas! dead; of Roy Lancaster with his beautiful team, and the Gunners' Coach with its eager young amateur whips.

But best of all were those weeks in 1937 when Bert took the old Telegraph, a hundred years old, from Newcastle to Edinburgh, through the North Country dales and hills, over the Border and into the Scott country, with its bold hills and silver salmon rivers, and then from Edinburgh to Glasgow and on to Greenock—a coaching odyssey probably unequalled for a century.

"Yes, I've driven to every Derby, Ascot and Goodwood for 30 years," said Bert, "and, please God, when this lot's over we'll put 'em in again and 'down the road.' Coaching'll never die! Give me a handful of leather and I'll drive my own hearse."

So we who love the rumble of the coach, the clip-clop of hoofs, the sight of England over the hedge, and the high, clear music of a yard of tin blowing sweetly on the wind, wait for the re-birth of that most English of all sights—a four-in-hand swinging superbly down the road, leaders and wheelers matched and pulling perfectly—the *open sesame* to English hearts.

BY AIR WITH THE MIGRANTS

By HARALD PENROSE

HIGH above the soaring gulls a peregrine hung in a cloudless sky, his motionless wings forming a black anchor. Presently he turned away from the coast and drifted out of sight. It was only then that we became aware of the inconspicuous passage of a host of small birds, flitting eastward, following the cliffs.

"Swallows!"

"Migrating?"

I nodded and picked up the glasses.

In the bright sunshine of that breezy September afternoon we watched them from the shelter of a heather-covered hollow, 400 ft. above the sparkling Channel sea. The wind sang in from the south-west, making the gorse and brambles sway, pulling at the drying tufts of heather flowers. Far below, it ruffled the waves with a fierce playfulness, before leaping at the tall Dorset cliffs and rushing upward in a heady mass of air which had enabled the tiercel to soar easily more than 2,000 ft. high. Yet a small, curved feather, carried above the cliff-edge just near us, made no more than a hundred feet before losing the wind-lift. Lying on my back, I watched the passage of the feather—a white flake vivid in the blue—and suddenly saw that other birds besides the peregrine were flying high. Crescent wings, bursts of rapid fluttering, the soaring grace, gave evidence of yet more swallows.

I turned to those flying just above the turf. On lightly pulsing wing one drifted past, climbed a little, half circled, swerved suddenly to snatch an insect. It banked steeply round, and the tilted wings glowed a deep iridescent blue as the sunlight fell full on them. From left to right, and back again, the bird swerved, sometimes flying over the rough grasses of the tumbled cliff-face, more often a few yards inland. On the tide of the wind it quickly became a speck, and vanished in the distant sky. Others followed. A martin passed on faster moving wing, but unhurrying: two more swallows came and went. A small dark bird followed the same course eastward, but far down the cliff, and, as I craned my head over our hiding-place, more and more birds became visible—little wings beating purposefully but without anxiety, following the general line of the coast towards the blue headland of Portland.

"Must be scores of swallows passing every minute," I said, and began to picture the freedom of their skies.

No barriers for them, no restraints—the air ocean of their transit girdling all seas and all countries of the world to let them quest the sun. Here to-day; in France to-morrow; the day after 200 miles onward if need be, or no more than five, or even none. The power of wings means that there is little rigour, normally, in keeping pace with the ebb and flow of insect life from temperate to tropic zones. To hunt their food is pleasant journeying for birds. Neither the mode, the means, the urge, nor the navigation seems especially difficult to anyone who knows the skyways. Wings reevaluate terrestrial conception of distance, giving emphasis to measure space only in terms of time, making the spanning of a continent an easy, joyous accomplishment.

My companion gave a sigh. "The end of Summer. If only we could go with those birds."

"Why not?"

"Because—" she began.

"It's an idea! Let's get the aeroplane."

In little more than an hour we were strapping ourselves into our small monoplane, and a few minutes later the familiar panorama of Wessex was sliding beneath the wings.

From a thousand feet, as we rocked in the gusty air, the distant sea seemed to be no more than a silver segment dove-tailed into the sharply undulating green pattern of the hilly coast.

The view was extensive; the horizon sharply defined, where usually it vanishes in

misty blue. Though the same landscape may be constantly viewed, the airman never finds it the same on two days running. Depending on the extent of the air's capacity for moisture absorption so the bright colours of the earth, as seen from the sky, are filtered through endless permutations of blue: from the indigo of storms to the blue-stained tenuous whiteness of a hot Summer day. Only when the atmosphere has drawn its fill is the veiling haze cast off, to show the patchwork fields and rambling hedgerows in true tone.

The day was one of those rare occasions when the brown hills of Dartmoor and Exmoor stood boldly on the western horizon, and the Severn sea shone like a fragment of mirror between the green water meadows of Somerset and the purple land of Wales. Yet it was the sun which, by its brilliant dominance of the southern sky, commanded attention and constantly withdrew our gaze from the far sea and the quilted green of the meadows and downs spread wide below our wings. Its white disc was like a lodestar to which we

flew—a fiery signpost impossible to ignore.

Ten minutes of wind-screaming, vibrating flight brought us half way to the cliffs, and revealed every curve and dip of their familiarly undulating backs. This dorsal aspect of the seven miles between Lyme Regis and West Bay has characteristics more individual than any other on the Channel coast: in blinding rain, in suffocating feathers of snow, in mist or fog, so many times the flat top of Golden Cap—the tallest cliff in southern England—has loomed distantly to fix my position in space.

In a long slant our parasol monoplane raced above Marshwood vale, nosing towards the gap in the hills marking Lyme Regis. As the aeroplane steadily dropped it began to rock still more in the turbulent wind—lifting bodily when, a few minutes later, it swept over the shore and went skimming seaward. Half a mile out, where the air near the water was calm despite its landward rush, I swung the aeroplane in a wide circle and, with engine rumbling gently, lifted it slowly towards the cliffs. The air grew rough again as we neared them, so that it became expedient to turn the aeroplane parallel with the land lest we became tossed by the wind against the looming cliffs. Flying at a slow airspeed can be a tricky business, for then there is little precision in an aeroplane's controls, and when, in addition, the flight path is down-wind, difficulty increases, for the "feel" in relation to the speed over the ground seems anomalous.

It was therefore with considerable caution that I closed on the land, lifting on the upward deflected air until the highest cliff-line was a hundred feet below, keeping the aeroplane fifty yards to seaward of the edge. Rocking, lifting, dropping, we swept eastward, with the wind speed added to our own. It was much too fast for bird-watching. Intently we



MANY TIMES THE FLAT TOP OF GOLDEN CAP—THE TALLEST CLIFF IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND—HAS LOOMED DISTANTLY TO FIX MY POSITION

stared at the grass-capped sweeping cliffs, trying to focus eyes for sign of the migrants. Hundreds of feet below, the sea rasped and licked at the changing fringe of rock or pebble. Through the chasm of air between aeroplane and sea jackdaws shot from ledges to circle erratically and sway out of sight; cormorants on inadequate wing, dropped heavily to the water; flocks of gulls, feeding on the narrow beaches, turned their heads to watch us, then, after a moment's consideration, hurried into flight. Of our quarry nothing could be seen.

The bush-studded, terraced cliff face dropped away, slanting steeply to the narrow stream of the Char. A few people on the beach stared up. The cliff began to rise, mounted closer beneath our wings, held level, and then began another climbing and tumbling as it reached eastward. From liassic grey its face turned ochre, where landslides had riven it sheer to the sea. I knew the scarred face of all this stretch of coast, the haunt of the peregrine, intimately.

When we had covered three miles without sign of the swallows I banked the aeroplane round, diving it below the cliff top. Heading thus into the wind it seemed as if we were hovering, almost stationary, beside the sheer wall of sand. At once it became possible to view objects near us with startling clarity—a pebble about to fall from a ledge, the white stain of droppings by a hole, the nodding heads of dead sea-thrift and clumps of stunted grass. Once or twice I saw the flicking wings of a small bird, but because it was flying in the opposite direction the relative speed was too great to identify it. The only chance of accurately watching birds from the air is by flying on a parallel course, making the difference in speed as small as possible. Realising the improbability of finding the migrant swallows—if indeed they still were flying—I opened up the engine,

gathered speed for half a mile, and zoomed steeply up, intending to give up the hunt.

Then, as so often it does in these moments of apparent indifference, the miracle happened. As we swept past the edge of the cliff a dispersed group of birds showed silhouetted against the bright sky, and, as we shot above them, their wings shone a lustrous blue.

"Swallows!" my companion shouted into the speaking-tube.

As the little monoplane canted in a carefully regulated circle, I kept my eyes fixed on the exact point on the cliffs where the birds had been seen. The tilted panorama of sky and field and distant hill swung slowly round—scarcely seen in detail because my attention was centred on the cliff edge. Within fifteen seconds the shore and the sea were below us once more, and the aeroplane was nosing towards the spot where the swallows should again be encountered.

The sunlight playing on blue wings revealed the position of the straggling flock almost as soon as the aeroplane had completed its turn. Flying very slowly, less than two hundred feet above the cliff-top, we could look steeply down and see with distinct detail as we overtook the birds, the tapered crescent of the glistening wings, the blunt head and the long trailing outer feather of the forked tail. Swallow after swallow showed in a coloured silhouette that seemed to slide backwards on the carpet of turf streaming away and beneath the aeroplane. Sometimes there would be four or five within ten feet of one another; more often they were forty or fifty feet apart; but, though in the main they seemed to keep these stations, there were many diversions to left and right, as a bird circled away or made a short sally after an insect, only to return to the general stream of movement. How high they flew above the undulating ground it was impossible to gauge; our relative speeds, however, were sufficiently near for close, if momentary, observation to be made, and to be certain that all the birds were making light, consistent wing-beats—unhurrying, barely energetic, but buoyant and tireless.

For a mile, two miles, hardly aware of distance, we floated along the cliff-edge, finding the swallows impinging on our field of intent vision—not continuously but at broken intervals, yet in sufficient volume to give the impression of a long procession of birds endlessly following the slow sweep of the unsheltering sea. I took a compass bearing: the flight path was 120° True—a long way south of east. I stared far down the curving coast; saw how, three miles ahead, the tumbling, changing cliffs gave place to the shimmering orange pebbles of the Chesil, and the rampart hills fell further and further inland while the shore swung steadily south. Like a pendant, the rocky escarpment of the Isle of Portland hung below the coast's most seaward inclination, with the Bill, like an arrow-head at its tip, pointing south—south to the Continent, to warmth and unending food, southward to the Winter home!

The method of migration seemed so clear, as we flew along the Dorset coastline—so simple, it seemed, as we skimmed Golden Cap, and hummed high above the twinkling stream in the declivity at Eype, the long-necked entrance of Bridport harbour dropping astern a few seconds later, and the ribbon of gold cliff beyond unrolling until it was lost in the sands of Freshwater Bay. How birds had developed the urge to make southing did not matter to me: it was quite enough to perceive that they were aware of the same fundamentals of flying—the buffeting of air currents, barriers of land and sea and vast variation of light intensity in the four corners of the sky. Surely the impulse to which the swallows reacted was one felt equally by man and beast and fish—the attraction of light: an urge to fly towards the horizons over which the sun stood guardian? I looked over my shoulder, narrowing my eyes to protect them from the sun's fiery brilliance, where it hung in the south-west, the blinding dominant of all the earth and sea and sky.

From wherever the swallows started they would wing a generally southward course until they came at last to the obstacle of the sea—the unlandable, where the distance was incomprehensible before they might again attain the land and its resting-places. They would see what appeared to be an endlessly stretching arc of water, sometimes burnished like glass beneath the sun of a fine day, more often blending into misty vapours. With a similar aerial caution which, from risk of engine failure, so many times has sent me questing for a narrow water crossing when flying from Hampshire to the Isle of Wight, from England to France, from Wales to Ireland, the birds would be impelled to turn along the coast, seeking its most southward point, following whichever shore swept in that direction and longest offered sanctuary. When, at last, the land became abruptly re-entrant—as at any prominent peninsula or cape—migrants would probably approach it from either hand, sweep to its tip and launch themselves, at last, over the seas sunward.

Yes! I thought, we will follow the swallows to Portland Bill and prove this idea once and for all. I looked downwards and found the last low cliffs of Burton Bradstock were sliding beneath the wings, to be replaced by barren fields backing the sun-baked pebbles of the Chesil Beach: but the birds had vanished. We flew on and on, peering through the shimmer of the circling propeller blades: no swallows—only an occasional group of protesting gulls flying up from the steep-sloped stones, an unidentified dun-coloured bird or two, some crows, and presently the swans of the Fleet Pool at Abbotsbury.

Because we knew that the birds were making a migratory movement, and as the aeroplane was nearly half way along the length of the Chesil Beach, we decided to continue to Portland and search for swallows forsaking the land. Nevertheless, both sides of the long Fleet Water were intently watched for birds in flight; still no sign—only the movement of a few gulls and a rare waterfowl. Presently I came lower, and skimmed the low waves breaking in a lace-white fringe on the pebbles. So low was the aeroplane that the steep shelved shore climbed high beyond the port wing, shutting out the land, leaving only an arc of blue sky ahead framing the rapidly growing Isle of Portland. More and more the engine was opened, until the needle of the A.S.I. held steady at the normal cruising speed. In a few minutes the rocky headland was rushing at us, bulking

higher and higher, looming with rapidly growing menace, until suddenly the aeroplane was zoomed in a climbing turn in order to clear the steep-thrown face.

Pits and quarries, deserted workings, grey houses, bare fields bounded by intersecting dark stone walls, slid past, 1,000 ft. below, as the aeroplane was levelled off. I turned the aeroplane further south. Sharply tapering, the land dropped lower, emptier and narrower, to the lighthouse of the Bill. In a whistling glide we skimmed flatly towards it, edging seaward of the Pulpit Rock to scan the windward cliffs for trace of migrating birds. Like white shuttlecocks stream after stream of wailing gulls launched into the breeze, eyeing the aeroplane with cold interest as it slid by.

We passed the lighthouse, the outpost rocks, and the white edge of the snarling tide-rip. Ahead the sea glittered emptily, a great semicircle, with only a bright path of light slashed far across the waves to show the path to southern lands. Half a mile over the angrily lumping white-fanged tide-rip—which we could see stretching four times that distance beyond the Bill—I turned the aeroplane back. Against that pattern of swirling water I knew it impossible to see sign of migrating swallows.

For a few minutes we circled the Bill, first low and then higher, searching the deepening channel of air between us and the ground. With a final circle, we climbed higher and reluctantly set course for home.

Whether swallows actually were passing seaward from the Bill that day remains unproved. Perhaps our ungoggled eyes, tired with exposure to the hurricane of air curling round the windscreen, had failed to focus on the birds. Possibly we were too soon for the stream of migrants we had seen further up the coast. It may be that, after all, those birds, instead of following the coast-line, turned off for the invisible shores of France at some departure point which caught their fancy of the moment. Yet my belief is that, could we only have flown slowly enough to follow a particular bird, we would have been led, eventually, along the whole length of the local coast to Portland Bill, and then southward over the sea, with a gentle deviation to the first piece of France sighted.

As for possible confirmation—it is intriguing that the following Autumn, while flying a fast R.A.F. aeroplane some 2,000 ft. above White Nothe, near Weymouth, I flashed past half a dozen soaring swallows. In a momentary glimpse I saw they were heading towards Portland Bill.



WE EDGED SEAWARD OF THE PULPIT ROCK TO SCAN THE CLIFFS FOR MIGRATING BIRDS

WICKINS MANOR, KENT

THE HOME OF MR. FRANCIS CLEMENTS HARPER

A manor house built by Hugh Brent about 1450, altered by his grandson about 1530 and reconditioned by the present owner just before the war.

By C. R. BEARD

WICKINS, just off the Ashford road about a mile from the village of Charing, is one of the most picturesque of the smaller Kentish manor houses. It is a happy blending of fifteenth and early sixteenth century black and white work and mellowed bricks, with some modern additions at the back invisible from the lane by which it is approached.

The exact date of the house is not easily determined. It was for the best part of a century and a half the home of the Kentish Brents, kinsmen of the Brents of Somerset. There were Brents at Charing in the reigns of the second and third Edward, but the house cannot claim so great an antiquity. Judged by other houses of similar plan, whose period is well established, and making due allowance for certain additions and alterations of different dates, Wickins was probably set up early in the second half of the fifteenth century by that Hugh Brent who died in 1483, the son of William Brent and the Widow Paunsherst. It was Hugh who, Weever tells us, placed King Edward IV's badges, presumably the *rose en soleil*, the Rose of York within the Sun, "in every quarry of glasse within the Hall-window."

The original lay-out of Wickins shows no departure from that of the normal small manor house of its period; but very considerable modifications were made in the structure some sixty or seventy years after it was built. It consisted at first of a large and high central hall with, presumably, a

fireplace set in the long west wall opposite the window. The door, without a porch, stood in its present position at the south-eastern corner, while the dais, following the usual practice, must have stood at the opposite end where the present chimney-stack is. Behind the dais was the parlour with a room over, while at the foot of the hall was a second two-storeyed building. The kitchen and other offices were at the back, presumably

of "post and plaster" work. Of these no vestige remains to-day.

Probably about the middle of the reign of Henry VIII, when John Brent, Hugh's grandson, was master of Wickins, the house was "modernised" according to the tastes of the time. The old thatch roof was removed and the present ceiling inserted to make the great chamber over the hall; the old fireplace was removed and the present chimney-stack built at the north end with a fireplace in the

great chamber. At the same time the present two-floored porch was added and the screen with its half-coved top set up across the southern end of the hall. This re-orientation of the hall, which reversed the top and the bottom, called for a corresponding treatment of the private apartments, that is, the re-building of the chambers at the southern end to make a new parlour with a chamber above, the insertion of a staircase to give access to the upper rooms, and the erection of a second chimney-stack with fireplaces in the parlour and the room above. The old parlour was probably pulled down and the present two chambers built with no direct entrance to the lower from the hall, though a short passage connected the great chamber with the room above.

The small room over the porch with its window looking eastwards must have been used, as was usually the case, both as a chapel and as a business closet, where were transacted the affairs of the estate.

It was during John Brent's reign that the peace of Wickins, so it is claimed, was for the only time—that is until these present distressful days—disturbed by the march of events in the great world beyond its borders. There exists a pleasant tradition, and one of a respectable antiquity since old Weever mentions it in his *Funeral Monuments* published in 1631, that John Brent "feasted King Henry the eight, as he passed this way toward his then intended siege of Bullen." (page 295).

As an antiquary I confess to considerable scepticism regarding this claim, for Henry, we know, on his march southward to embark for France died at Gravesend on July 12, 1544, and lay that night at Rainham. From this we must conclude that his way was along the Dover road by Canterbury. The entertainment of royalty was moreover beyond the capacity of Wickins, even if, as has been said, it was in those days four times as large as it is to-day, which assertion I also take leave to doubt. And when Henry had need of lodging and feasting at Charing, as he sometimes did, he found both to his contentment at my Lord Archbishop's Palace there. But Bluff Hal may well on some other occasion have drawn rein at Master Brent's door for a stirrup-cup. That I can well believe.

John Brent died about 1556-57 and was succeeded



1.—WICKINS MANOR IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY



2.—THE ENTRY, LOOKING THROUGH TO THE STAIRCASE



3.—THE FINE TIMBERED FRONT TO-DAY, FROM THE SAME VIEWPOINT AS FIG. 1



(Right) 4.—THE
NORTH END OF
THE HALL

With the fireplace
inserted about 1530
and panelled over-
mantel of the early-
seventeenth century

in turn by his sons William and Thomas. Thomas, who died at an advanced age in 1612, was in 1569-70 declared heir to his cousin Robert Brent of Wilsborough, and thereafter resided at that house to the neglect of Wickins.

Certain embellishments were, however, obviously added to the paternal mansion during his lifetime. The moulded plaster overmantels in the great chamber, in the parlour, and in the room over it are evidently of his day. Such ornaments are not likely to have been inserted by an absentee owner. But Wickins, with certain other properties, was left by Thomas Brent to his nephew Christopher Dering, fifth son of John Dering (*d.* 1550) of Surrenden Dering, and Margaret Brent, and it is not improbable that Christopher resided at Wickins from about 1570 onwards and put these in. Further improvements were the panelling and mantel in the parlour. These were added in the early seventeenth century either by Christopher Dering or Brent Dering, who owned Wickins in 1631.

The mantel has, however, been removed by Mr. Harper to the hall, a happy transposition which revealed the plaster overmantel in the parlour and conceals the



5.—TUDOR FIREPLACE OF THE GREAT CHAMBER, WITH PLASTER DECORATION OF THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



6.—COFFER FRONT, EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY

Originally at Bodiam Castle

very rough arch of the hall fireplace. Mr. Harper is also responsible for the present staircase, which, though old and in perfect keeping, is not the original.

The only surviving outbuilding is the brew-house, standing about twenty yards to the north of the house. It possesses no architectural features whereby it could be closely dated, but the bricks of which it is built appear to be of the seventeenth century.

Wickins remained in the possession of the Derings, and when Hasted wrote in 1790 the chatelaine was Miss Anne Dering.

In the nineteenth century Wickins fell upon evil days, but no serious damage was done to the structure until the last few years. Shortly after Mr. Harper purchased the house, and during his absence, it was taken over by

the military, who, with an unfortunate disregard for the property of the mere civilian, proceeded to pull down the old buildings at the back of the house—they can be seen at the left of the early nineteenth-century engraving of the house (Fig. 1)—in order to erect latrines on the site. Not content with the removal of the wooden framing, which could have been set up again after they had removed themselves, they burned all the timber, for the most part in the fireplace of the parlour, and damaged beyond repair the moulded plaster overmantel. This was by no means the sum of harm done under the guise of military necessity. But Mr. Harper was not to be discouraged, and he has succeeded in making good most of the damage.

One of Mr. Harper's many enthusiasms is the restoration of old houses. Guided by the experience gained in his earlier efforts in this direction of



(Right) 7.—MOULDED PLASTER OVER-MANTEL IN ROOM OVER PARLOUR

Bickleigh Castle near Tiverton and at Tolleshunt D'Arcy Hall he has succeeded, with the assistance of Mr. Sharp of Hythe, who carried out the actual work, in making of Wickins a delightful and convenient residence without interfering with or modifying any old features. Indeed most of the decorative details noticed were revealed during the process of his restoration. The only constructional alteration made by him is the passage cut through the hall chimney-stack from the hall into the lower chamber of the northern annexe.

Mr. Harper has been well known for many years as a collector of works of art and antiquities, and the contents of Wickins, though the house is by no means as full as it is normally—it lay full in the path of the Hun's firing bombs—reflect his catholic interests. Fine woodwork has always been a passion with him, and four pieces from his collection are selected for illustration. The first is a splendid aumbry of the early sixteenth



8.—ARMCHAIR

The back carved in low relief celebrating the marriage of Charles II and Catherine of Braganza in 1662

century (Fig. 10), which came from the near-by Pett Place, at one time the home of the Honywoods. The second is a remarkably fine armchair (Fig. 8) carved with the Lion and the Unicorn supporters of the royal arms, the back bearing in low relief a presentment of King Charles II and his consort Catherine of Braganza, while between them hovers a Cupid bearing a hymeneal wreath. The treatment suggests that this panel is based upon one of the many contemporary woodcuts and engravings recording this marriage, but it has up to the present not been identified.

Recently Mr. Harper was so fortunate as to save from destruction or at least mutilation the well-known early 15th-century Bodiam Castle coffer front (Fig. 6) which had been lost sight of since 1921. Still more recently he acquired the contemporary bust portrait of King Charles I, illustrated in Fig. 9.

Among his examples of metalwork are two unique pieces of 17th-century English enamel-work of about 1660-70, on a two-branched candelabrum and the other a semicircular powder-flask which includes among its ornamental motifs the Lion and the Unicorn.



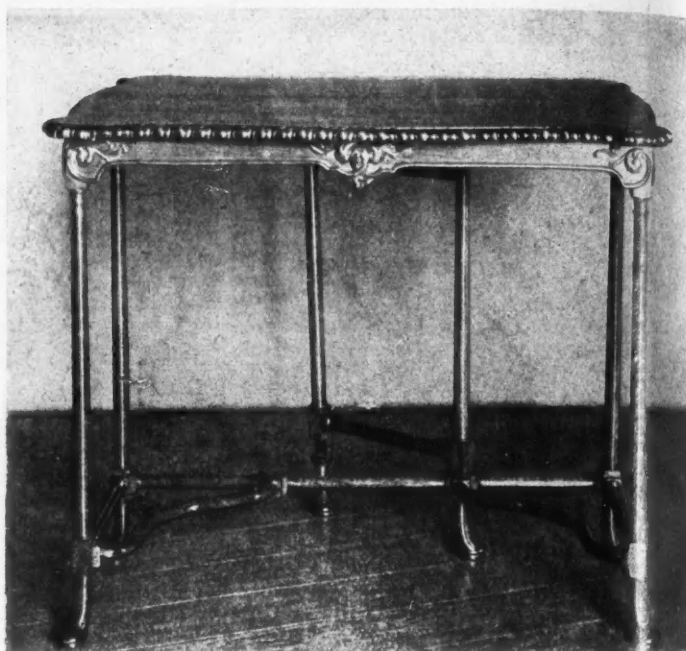
9.—CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT BUST OF CHARLES I
Relief carved in walnut. From Horsmonden Rectory



10.—AUMBRY OF LINENFOLD WAINSCOT. EARLY
SIXTEENTH CENTURY
Formerly at Pett Place, Kent



1.—MAHOGANY TRIPOD TEA-TABLE WITH GALLERIED TOP, c. 1750. In the collection of the late Mr. Percival Griffiths



2.—MAHOGANY "SPIDER-LEG" TABLE, c. 1765
In the late Sir James Horlick's collection

SMALL TABLES By MARGARET JOURDAIN

THE second half of the eighteenth century developed many ingenious devices which differentiated between kinds of small portable tables, some designed for work, for games, for writing, or for light meals. The attitude towards these novel tables varied with the writer's temperament.

The conservative John Byng, in the *Torrington Diaries*, inveighed against the "little skuttling tables" he met with; Maria Edgeworth

accounted "small tables upon castors" among innovations which make rooms comfortable. Small light tables were set about a room for the convenience of ladies drinking tea, and for holding candles, needlework or books. A Miss Hamilton, writing in 1783, describes the late afternoon between tea and supper spent by herself and her friends with a "little table and candles, and books of prints" for each person staying in the house. Queen Charlotte always had a small table brought when she was seated,

to put her tea or work upon, or when she had none (Fanny Burney, who was for some years her lady-in-waiting, adds) "to look comfortable." These tables were essentially mobile, and were either very small, or fitted with falling flaps so that, unless extended, they occupied little space.

Distinctive names begin to appear, such as the tea-table, the "spider-leg," the Pembroke, the breakfast, and the nest of tables known as quartetto. The tripod table (Fig. 1), a table supported on a shaft with a tripod base, was



3.—PEMBROKE TABLE
Ham House



4.—SATINWOOD AND MAHOGANY PEMBROKE TABLE
c. 1785. From Mr. James Ivory

(Left) 5.—SET OF QUARTETTO TABLES; MAHOGANY, THE TOPS INLAID WITH METAL STARS

By George Oakley, 1810. Mrs. Stileman

(Right) 6.—PEMBROKE TABLE WITH SALTIRE TRAY-STRETCHER

Rosewood and satinwood, the tray inlaid with mulberry. Hardwick Hall



chiefly used for the service of tea, and its three legs (or "claws" as they were usually termed in the eighteenth century) ensured stability. A "mahogany claw table" appears in the sale of Colonel Francis Henry Lee's household stuff in 1730. The tops of tripod tables were carved out of a thick slab of wood leaving a projecting rim which protected the tea service. The plain rim is known as the dish top and the ogee scalloped top as the pie-crust. When not in use, the top could be tipped up and the table placed against a wall.

A miniature gate-leg table which was known in the eighteenth century as the spider-leg from the slenderness of its supports is a light table with two flaps supported by gates. "It is an old pattern but nothing better has since been invented," a Victorian writer decided in 1878. A spider-leg from the late Sir James Horlick's collection (Fig. 2) is enriched with gadrooning on the top, and with scaling on the blocks where the slender stretchers unite the legs. In 1763 Benjamin Goodison supplied the "Queen's House" in St. James's Park with a "mahogany spider-leg table with a drawer in it," and a few years later a spider-leg table is inventoried among furniture at The Wyne in Hampshire.

In the Pembroke table (Figs. 3 and 4), which was even more in fashion, the flaps were supported on brackets pivoting on self hinges. The junction between the central section (which is fixed) and the two flaps is closed by a rule joint, and beneath this centre there was a drawer. The term first appears in a bill of Chippendale's in 1766, and is said later to have

been derived from "that of a lady who first gave orders for one of them"—probably Lady Elizabeth (daughter of the 3rd Duke of Marlborough), who married the 10th Earl of Pembroke in 1756. Pembroke tables when in satinwood are usually decorated with simple small-scale inlay and contrasting cross-banding of darker wood. A bill of William Gates in 1780 describing a "very neat Pembroke table" supplied by him mentions the decoration of cross-banding and inlay on the top "very neatly engraved in the form of a shell." The decoration is often designed to be effective when the leaves are dropped, as in the table from Mr. James Ivory's collection (Fig. 4). In many examples the square tapered legs were connected by saltire stretchers or a shelf (Fig. 6). In the Pembroke table from Ham House (Fig. 3) the inlay of a fluted patera, husk festoons and knots of ribbon is of the open type figured in the *Guide*. Tables decorated with painting occur in contemporary accounts, but are rare survivals.

With the advent of the specialised tea-table, stands for the kettle were introduced and these are figured as "tea-kettle stands" in the *Director*; and in the *Guide* the very small tables to support the urn are shown with a decided outward splay.

The pull-out slide upon which the teapot

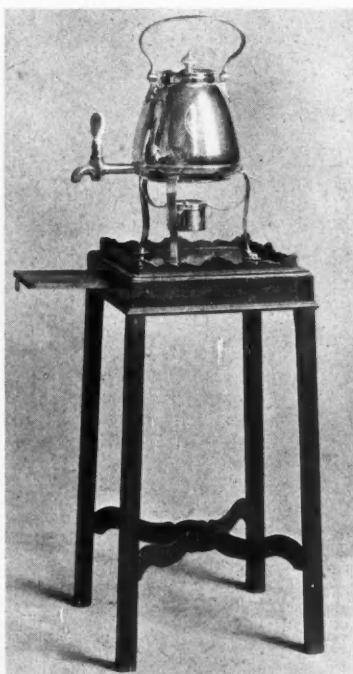
was placed is also shown in the plates, and the top was square, oval, octagonal, or serpentine (Fig. 8).

Also associated with the service of tea are nests of tables with end-supports, defined by Sheraton as "a kind of small table made to draw out of each other and again enclosed within each other when not in use." The complete set (as their name quartetto tables indicates) consisted of four, graduated in size, and fitting into one compact block when not in use. Under the three largest tables were grooves into which the table immediately below them slid. In a late 18th-century cost-book they are termed hen and chicken tables. They are usually made of mahogany, and more rarely of rosewood and satinwood. In a complete set made in 1810 the top is edged by a broad banding inlaid with brass stars (Fig. 5). A set of graduated tables is figured in Sheraton's *Cabinet Dictionary*. They continued to be made in the Victorian period, and in a work on furnishing published in 1877 "little quartetto tables" are mentioned which "fit and hide, each under and within the larger, to emerge separate and distinct whenever required."

Some tables, which are not fitted with a drawer, consist only of a slab or framed top and end-supports, such as the kidney-shaped table from the collection of the late Lady Sackville in which the bold figure of calamander wood needs no ornament (Fig. 7). In some cases, the work of an amateur artist was framed up in the top, protected by glass, and became a perpetual exhibition of the talent of the accomplished amateur.



7.—KIDNEY-SHAPED TABLE IN CALAMANDER WOOD, c. 1800. The late Lady Sackville



8.—MAHOGANY URN-STAND Felbrigg Hall



9.—SMALL PAINTED TABLE, c. 1790 Ham House

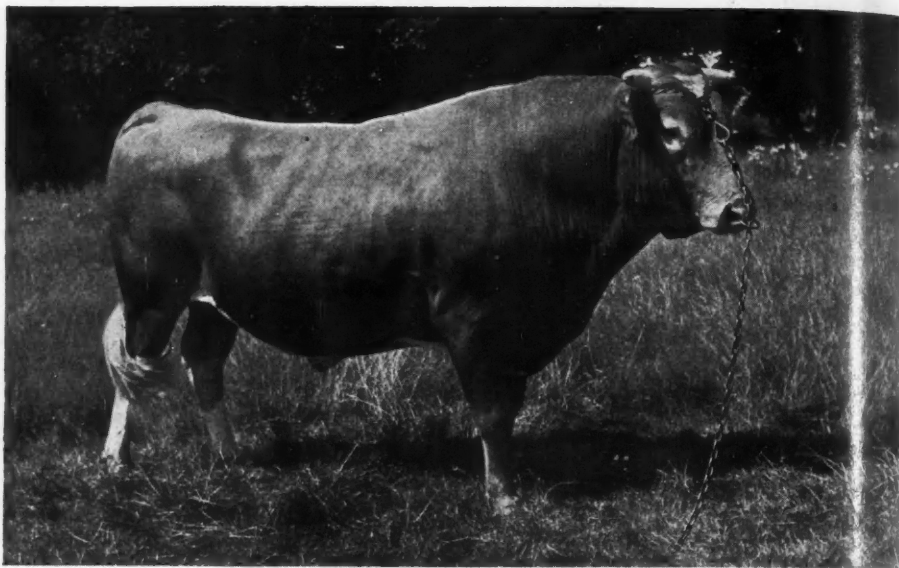
HAS ARTIFICIAL BREEDING COME TO STAY?

From a Correspondent

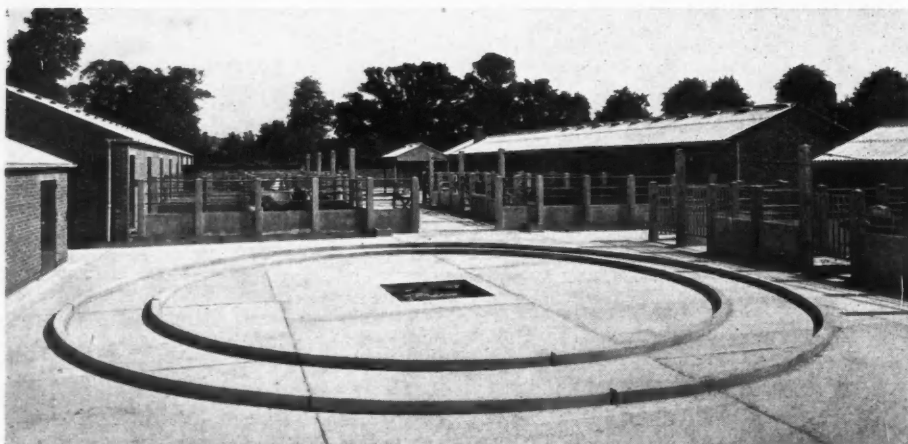
A NEW discovery or process described as "artificial" could hardly be expected to expand, or even to survive, unless it possessed remarkable advantages. Thus, "artificial" manures were suspect for more than half a century, and any defects resulting from the use of such materials were ascribed to man's unfortunate habit of meddling with Nature rather than to his incomplete knowledge of Nature's secrets. Somewhat similar conditions exist to-day regarding artificial insemination, which, although centuries old, has until the last few years proved too cumbersome and unreliable to justify its application on an extensive scale.

Present-day methods of artificial insemination are particularly convenient for use with dairy cattle, and its importance with this class of animal lies chiefly in the fact that the bull is the most important factor in improved breeding, that first-class bulls are extremely rare and that one bull can produce 10 to 20 times more calves by artificial than by natural mating. The livestock and particularly the dairy industry is becoming more and more conscious of these advantages and the question now being asked is not "Shall the process be developed?" but "How and at what speed shall it be developed?"

Although the knowledge built up during



A BULL TETHERED IN A PADDOCK AT THE READING CENTRE



SITE FOR AN EXERCISER FOR EIGHT BULLS AND BOXES IN WHICH ANIMALS ARE KEPT

the last few years is sufficiently advanced to warrant extensive use of the process it would be foolish to assume that we know all the pitfalls and repercussions which extensive use will involve. What are we doing to ensure progress without undue risk? Firstly, the Minister of Agriculture has introduced a system of licensing and any centre which wishes to practise artificial insemination must comply with certain regulations before a licence is granted. Secondly, two officially sponsored trial centres were set up nearly two years ago and the experience gained at those centres is being carefully assessed with a view to maximum benefit to future development.

One of these official trial centres has its headquarters at N.I.R.D., Shinfield, near Reading; the other centre is at Cambridge. The Reading centre started work in February, 1943, and the original sphere of operations was with herds located within a radius of 12 miles of the headquarters. In November, 1943, a sub-centre was opened about 22 miles away at Guildford which deals with herds within 12 miles of that town. All the bulls are kept at Reading and semen is despatched daily by train to the Guildford sub-centre.

The Reading centre is financed by the Ministry of Agriculture and administered through the National Institute for Research in Dairying which is advised by a very competent and enthusiastic local committee. This committee is composed of prominent

and successful breeders, representatives of the veterinary profession and the livestock branch of the Ministry of Agriculture with members of the staff of the N.I.R.D.

The rules of the centre are simple, and herd-owners who wish to participate must first be formally enrolled. The fees consist of a nominal enrolment fee of 2s. 6d. per annum, plus a service fee of 20s. per animal inseminated. This fee covers up to three inseminations if the first is ineffective. A special certificate is necessary for the registration of pedigree animals and for this an additional fee of 2 guineas is charged. Under present conditions of rapidly changing values it is very difficult to judge the correct fees which should be charged, but the general intention is to make the centre self-supporting and non-profit-making.

The three breeds of dairy cattle most numerous in the Reading and Guildford districts are Dairy Shorthorns, Guernseys and British



PART OF THE LABORATORY AT READING

Friesians; consequently bulls of these three breeds are kept at the centre.

The selection of bulls for use at the centre is regarded as an item of first importance and certain members of the local advisory committee are specialists, well qualified to carry out this selection. Freedom from disease is regarded as essential and the genetic qualities which are considered of importance are, firstly, evidence that the progeny may be expected to produce large quantities of milk of high butter-fat content; secondly, evidence of a vigorous constitution and good wearing qualities, and thirdly, breed characteristics.

The number of herd-owners enrolled with the centre is now more than 450, and the number is gradually increasing in spite of the fact that little or no advertising or propaganda has been used. This is perhaps the best evidence which can be given to indicate what farmers think of the scheme.

Those who keep small herds find it particularly convenient to use the centre instead of keeping a bull, and the fact that they can now obtain the use of a first-class sire has given them a new outlook regarding the quality of cattle which they will breed.

Most of the activities of the centre are confined to local herds, but a limited amount of exploratory work has been done in an attempt to meet the requests of herd-owners located at a long distance from the centre. The method used is to sell semen to veterinary surgeons who carry out the inseminations in the herds of their clients. In some cases this arrangement has given good results; in other cases it has been unsatisfactory. One difficulty is the unreliability of war-time transport, but there are other reasons for poor results, and these are being carefully studied with a view to their elimination.

Meanwhile a strict limit is being placed on the amount of long-distance work which is being undertaken.

What of the future? All the progressive cattle-breeding countries of the world are interested in this new process and many of them, such as Russia and the United States of America, are applying it on a large scale. A large proportion of the farmers of this country wish to have opportunities to use the process, and if

rapid development is to be successful there is need for bold organisation based on sound knowledge of all the factors concerned.

It is reasonable to assume that if the methods of to-day are successful those of the future will be even better. One item which is essential to ensure balanced and sound development is the institution of a research programme which is equivalent in size to the immense task ahead.



THIS COW, NINE YEARS OLD, AND HER CALF WERE BOTH BORN AS A RESULT OF ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

"A CONGENIAL ACCOMPANIMENT"

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

IS golf a help to productive thought in other and more serious directions? I should have rather thought not. Indeed it is generally held to be one of the merits of the game, especially in such times as these, that it temporarily and completely abstracts the mind from all earthly affairs and shuts the player up in a little world of his own, wherein there is nothing to think of but the hitting of the ball. It may, however, be otherwise in the case of more fertile and powerful intellects, and a passage which a kind correspondent has sent me tends to this view. It is from the account of Mozart in the *Oxford Companion to Music*, and probably some readers, less ignorant of music than I am, know it already. At any rate I will make bold to set it out at length.

"Ball games, particularly billiards and bowls, were greatly to his liking. There is little doubt that he pursued these games not merely for their own sakes but because he found in the movement and control of a rolling ball a congenial accompaniment to the movement within his own copious and productive mind. Instances are recorded of his stopping in the middle of a game to make notes, or of his humming, as he played, a theme which was later found in his works. Moreover, he was particularly fond of playing billiards alone, keeping his note-book handy—though the notes he made were always the briefest indication of an idea, for he did his actual composing in his head. The ever-flowing rhythms in his mind induced him incessantly to tap his fob, a table, a chair-back or anything to hand, and there is no doubt that he spent some of his most fruitful hours alone at the billiard table."

What an engaging picture that is! I am glad that it is of Mozart because he is the one among the mighty names of music that I am in some small degree able to appreciate. I like to think that had golf been available he would have shared some affection for that too and

would have found inspiration in it. He might, if the suggestion be not a profane one, have been at times a trying opponent, had he stopped too often in the middle of a game, so that the other party had to call to those behind "Will you please come through—my partner is composing." Again that habit of humming might have exasperated an irritable adversary attempting to concentrate his mind on a crucial putt.

No doubt allowances would be made for the eccentricities of so great a genius, but even so I fancy that he would have found most fecund and enjoyable the hours that he spent alone with a club and a few balls. That is the time, I think, at any rate for those who make no claim to genius, when the loveliest images spring into the golfer's mind. Set him alone on a wide stretch of the links, where there is no rough to make him hunt for lost balls and no other tiresome players to shout an angry "Fore" at him, and he tastes some of the intensest joys of living. Let the time be that of evening drawing in, when the rest of the world is at tea and a light or two begins to shine out in the club-house windows, and he may enjoy mute ecstasies in which he feels capable of composing almost anything.

I am sure my correspondent has drunk deep of this romantic cup of lonely practising, for he says that one of his happiest dreams is of a strip of close-cut turf 400 yds. long by 80 wide, along the whole length of which there runs a desk "at comfortable standing height with a plentiful supply of paper laid along it." Thus whenever the *genius loci* dowered him with a particularly felicitous fancy or telling phrase he could throw down his club and commit his inspiration to paper and then back again to his task of curing that confounded slice. He reminds me a little—I am perhaps irreverent—of Mr. Jingle's account of his behaviour during the revolution of July when he combined Mars and Apollo, the field-piece and the lyre:

"Present! think I was; fired a musket—fired with an idea—rushed into wine-shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine-shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, Sir." This turning from one to another like a man playing on a pair of kettle drums, might be a little confusing at first, but I am delighted to pass on his notion to other golfers and writers.

I cannot say that I have ever tried it myself, but I can cite somebody who has combined not two but three arts in much the same manner. This is an old friend of mine, distinguished in several walks of life and not least as a golfer, a creature of restless versatility and having, like Mozart, a "copious and productive mind." His three combined amusements were dry-fly fishing, landscape-painting and golfing. Fishing was the main object of his expedition and to that he would apply himself first and with becoming seriousness. If the conditions were unfavourable and the fish seemed indisposed to yield to his blandishments, he had his easel handy and would devote himself for a while to the art of Constable. When he grew tired of that he had yet another resource in the form of a brassey, a bag of balls and a small boy. He drove the balls down the meadow; the small boy stationed in the deep field retrieved them and he drove them again until such time as the fish might be more amenable or the paint brush called him back once more.

Thus he went far towards the practical building of my correspondent's castle in Spain, and I respectfully commend his example. I wonder, now I come to think of it, why he did not also play the fiddle, for that is yet another art in which he is, I understand, expert, but perhaps the fish would not have liked it.

The fiddle brings me naturally back to Mozart. My correspondent mentions a picture which I seem dimly to remember having seen myself. It represents the musician leaning over

a billiard-table with a far-away look in his eyes; the cue and balls lie abandoned on the table, while immediately in front of him is a music score.

It would be pleasant to know whether he hummed as he made a cannon and that "ever flowing rhythm in his mind" communicated a rhythmical quality to his stroke. I feel sure it would have helped him if he had played golf; the swinging in time to a tune is a well-recognised cure for a swing that has become too fast and jerky and has palpably lost all rhythm. A waltz is generally recommended and I have

myself found the *Merry Widow* of considerable assistance. Better still in my experience is the hymn tune *Happy birds that sing and fly*, which has—I believe, though I am sadly ignorant in such matters—all the requisite elements of a waltz.

I can still see in the mind's eye a green hill on a certain course where I first discovered the efficacy of this particular tune. Ball after ball sang through the air and flew like the very happiest of birds far into the valley below. As is the case with all the other cures I ever heard of, I soon overdid it, and my tiresome

body began all too palpably to sway to the dreamy measure of my humming, but it was an ecstatic moment while it lasted. Moreover I believe this is one of the cures that can, so to speak, be put away in cold storage and be usefully brought out again when needed. The patient must be particularly careful not to overdose himself but resolutely to stop as soon as he feels better. Then it will still be effective in his next attack. *Happy birds that—I feel almost irresistibly moved to go out on to the lawn for a little swinging, but fortunately it is raining and so I must refrain.*

CORRESPONDENCE

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

SIR,—I was most interested to read your comments (October 13) on Sir Thomas Barlow's suggestion for improving the standard of industrial design after the war.

I would like to see improvements not only in the design of such utilitarian objects as crockery and furniture, but more particularly in posters and packages and similar advertisements. In the design of these, as you rightly suggest, British artists and industrialists lagged far behind those of the Continent in pre-war days.

Before the war the design of book-covers and brochures was good, and to some extent this relatively high standard has been maintained. But in almost every large town the posters on the hoardings were an eyesore: had they been carefully designed and printed in not too bright colours they could have been an enhancement. I can envisage beautifully designed posters adding colour and variety to a perhaps otherwise austere town of the future. In ancient Greece buildings were painted in bright blues and reds, so why cannot we in the twentieth century enliven our cities of reinforced concrete with gaily-coloured posters?—J. EASON, Preston, Lancashire.

A NEW BAYEUX TAPESTRY

SIR,—I read with great interest Major Wade's suggestion for a Bayeux Tapestry in reverse to commemorate D-Day. I had a similar idea during the last war when I was in charge of handiwork at the military hospital at Cambridge. My idea then was that a new Bayeux Tapestry depicting contemporary incidents should be embroidered by the soldier patients.

Recent events have, I think, made this idea even more appropriate, and I suggest that the Red Cross be asked to enlist the services of an eminent artist, and when the design has been approved, the work should be given in sections to various Service hospitals for the men to embroider. From my experience I believe that the work would be admirably executed, and the result would be of great historic and artistic value. The tapestry, when finished, could be publicly displayed to raise funds for the Red Cross. —NONA CRICHTON, Greywood, Botley, Hampshire.

A HOUSE NEVER FINISHED

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Moreton Corbet in Shropshire. Of this house Campden writes that "within the memory of man Robert Corbet, to gratify the fancy that he had for Architecture began in a barren place a noble piece of building after the Italian model, for his future magnificent and more splendid habitation, but death countermanding his designs took him off so that he left his project unfinished."

The building, begun in 1606, was left in its unfinished state. In the Civil War it was fortified for King Charles, taken by the army of the Parliament and was afterwards burnt. Enough remains, however, to show what a magnificent home was planned, lavishly ornamented with carving of fanciful design, elaborate windows and

crowned with high gables. The ruins cover a considerable extent of ground and form part of a very interesting group of buildings. Behind the Hall stand the crumbling walls of an older castle and near by are the church and a beautiful old vicarage. The church was much damaged when the Hall was attacked and was afterwards repaired at great cost, but Robert Corbet's great house was left a burned-out shell.—M. R. L., Ellesmere, Shropshire.

THE SPEED OF SNAKES

SIR,—I have read the correspondence in your pages about the speed of snakes. Perhaps an experience of mine may throw light on the speed of one species, the ringhals, or black African cobra.

In 1910-12 I was manager of a mine on the far East Rand. Every other Tuesday I had to drive nine miles into Senoni in a Cape cart accompanied by my native groom Johannes.

One Tuesday, when about half way to my destination, I saw a big ringhals slip off the road and into the long grass of the veld. We found it curled up in the grass a yard or two

with the coal, for about 100 yds., at the end of which a good shot by Johannes got it just where it raised the head and neck off the ground, and broke its back.

That 100 yds. cannot have taken less than 30 to 45 seconds, probably the latter. This would make the speed of that very frightened ringhals between four and five miles per hour, and it was a big one, fully 5 ft. 6 ins. long.

I never met a black mamba alive while I was in South Africa, and I cannot say that I am sorry for the omission. But the stories of its speed are too well authenticated to be set aside lightly. I have seen one, newly killed, 13 ft. 6 ins. long at Tongaat, in Natal.—J. D. RAMSAY, 30, Ann Street, Edinburgh 4.

CRICKET JUG

From Sir Douglas M'Craith.

SIR,—I have received the following letter from Mr. E. Rockley Wilson, the well-known Cambridge and Yorkshire cricketer, about the cricket jug which I described in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE:

I have one of the jugs you

cricketer. On the Leeds jugs the names are given, but this jug has no names. Two panels are given to each cricketer, and the same men are unmistakable. Height 7 ins.

The M.C.C. have at Lord's a jug similar to the one described in COUNTRY LIFE, but I have never examined it for marks of origin.

Mugs are less rare, though still far from common. I have one with the same sort of decoration (no names), and the men as before are obviously Pilch, Clark(e) and Box.

These mugs are, I believe, Staffordshire. Four of them are lustre ware, one silver lustre (with figures in silver lustre) and the other three with the figures in bright colours on a cream ground. Three have the figures embossed in white on a slate-blue ground. Another is a plain cream pottery mug without lustre, and the last a cream pottery mug with the figures embossed in white. These mugs are all between three and four inches in height. —DOUGLAS M'CRAITH, Normanton Grange, Plumtree, Nottinghamshire.

THE GLASS MYSTERY

SIR,—In your issue of September 29 I read with interest of a so-called "toughened glass" tumbler exploding over-night, for no apparent reason.

This mysterious experience also happened to me on one occasion. We were seated at lunch one day and an argument was in progress relating in some way to glass. Suddenly, without any warning, there was a violent explosion and we noticed what looked like little chips of ice all over the table.

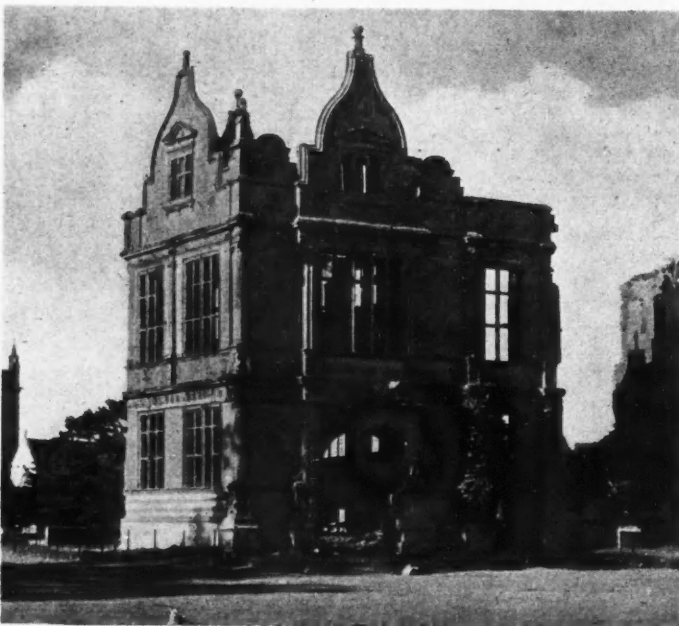
No one was touched by a single piece and nothing surrounding the glass was disturbed—except perhaps ourselves! It certainly put a stop to the previous argument, but started another on the same subject.—C. J. BROOKS, Pirbright, Woking, Surrey.

THE CASE AGAINST PASTEURISATION

SIR,—May I reply to Mr. John P. Bibby's letter in your last issue? Much of what I have to say will, I fear, be of interest only to such of your readers as are well acquainted with his booklet *The Case Against Pasteurisation of Milk*, and with the book by Professor G. S. Wilson to which it is a reply.

Mr. Bibby takes me to task for criticising his use of crude instead of standardised death-rates. He himself appears to recognise the necessity of standardisation, since he indicates its purpose in the second paragraph of page 27 of his booklet. Yet he not only fails to standardise his own figures, but accuses Professor Wilson in this paragraph of presenting data which constitute a "statistical illusion" because separate figures are not given for different age groups. He has entirely overlooked the fact that these data are presented in three age groups in Table XLI (page 154) of Professor Wilson's book. If anyone is to withdraw anything in this controversy, I suggest that Mr. Bibby begins by acknowledging this error, which is a plain mis-statement of fact.

He asks me for an example of figures of his own which require correction, and my answer is the all-ages proportions in his Tables V and VI, which take no account of



BEGUN IN 1606, BUT NEVER FINISHED

See letter: A House Never Finished

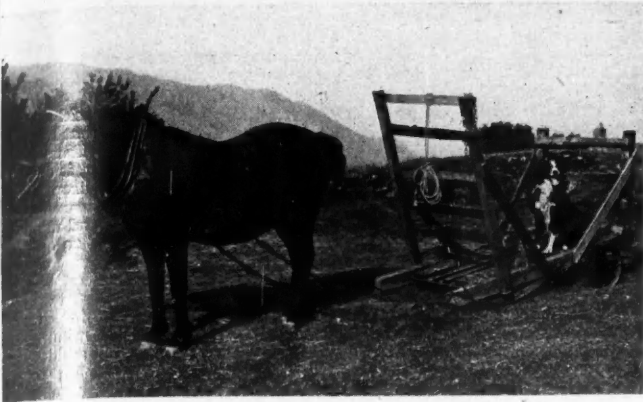
off the road. I sent Johannes to bring a good lump of coal from the sample which we carried for assaying at our destination.

I took station on one side of the coiled snake, and Johannes went on the other. I took the first shot. I hit the middle of the coils but did not do more than frighten it into flight. Johannes fielded the coal on the far side, and the chase began.

That ringhals was terrified, and was going all out, its hood spread, and I can only liken its motion to a sort of pawing of its coils over the grass; it never touched the ground. We chased it, taking alternate shots

describe. It is the first cricket curio I ever bought and it cost me 10s. at Scarborough in the old shop in Bar Street (I think it is called) above the Grand Hotel square. Mine is marked with the impressed mark Leeds Pottery, so there is no doubt of its place of origin. It is 6¾ ins. in height, and 3½ ins. broad across the top. Names given are Fuller Pilch, William Clark (sic), and Box.

I have another jug with similar figures but no names. This is, I imagine, Staffordshire pottery—slate-grey, hexagonal shape with six panels each containing a



A "GAMBO" OF SNOWDONIA

See letter: A Hay-cart from Wales

the change in age constitution of the population between 1911 and 1937. I do not say that to correct these figures would require a change in their interpretation, but I disagree with his interpretation of them in any case. This differs from Professor Wilson's in expressing deaths from non-pulmonary tuberculosis only as a percentage of the total including pulmonary. Thus the striking fall in non-pulmonary tuberculosis between 1911 and 1937 is obscured for the 0-15 age group by relating it to deaths from the pulmonary form, which at this age is so rare as to be almost a curiosity. An essential link in Mr. Bibby's whole argument in this connection is the paltry figure of 28 for deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis in children up to 15 in London in 1937. No one with medical knowledge would take such a figure seriously: not only is it unduly small, but it might well have been smaller but for the development of better facilities for diagnosing what may be an obscure condition.

Mr. Bibby's lack of medical knowledge again handicaps him on the question of abdominal tuberculosis. It is a fact that this disease in adults is often due to the swallowing of infected sputum, and is hence secondary to lung disease, caused, of course, by the human type of bacillus. It is known to be due almost always to bovine infection in childhood, hence Professor Wilson's restriction of his

study on this point to the 0-5 age group.

I acknowledge, however, that on the figures quoted by Mr. Bibby, namely Professor Wilson's estimate of 554 abdominal cases in 1937 and the Registrar-General's figure of 130 for such cases under 5, he was entitled to use the argument he has. Unfortunately we lack an essential item of information here: in stating the percentage of bovine infection in abdominal cases as 82, Griffith did not give the age distribution of his cases, and if they were mainly children this figure may be too high for all ages.

I had assumed it was common ground between us that pasteurisation, properly carried out, destroys all dangerous bacteria in milk, and, if so, I can only describe Mr. Bibby's citation of the Montreal epidemic as a red herring. The fact that the process may occasionally be misapplied, or subsequent contamination occur, is no argument against its use.

Mr. Bibby's insistence on his own views about acquired immunity to tuberculosis and on the beneficial effects of milk-borne tuberculous infection compels me to point out that the judgment of a layman on such a subject has very little worth. It is astonishing to my mind that anyone without medical knowledge should publicly propound a view contrary to that held by almost the whole medical profession, and to the deliberate conclusions and policy of every respon-

sible medical organisation in the country, including the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the British Medical Association, the Society of Medical Officers of Health and the Tuberculosis Association. Unless we are to believe that modern medicine is utterly misguided, how can anyone hesitate in choosing between this weight of authority on the one hand and on the other—Mr. Bibby?—LAWRENCE P. GARROD, *Bankcroft, Douglas Road, Harpenden, Hertfordshire.*

A HAY-CART FROM WALES

SIR,—While on holiday in Snowdonia I came upon the owner of a remote hill farm carrying his crop of hay. I took the enclosed picture of his hay-cart.

The owner called it a car llysg (pronounced as nearly as possible "carr thleesg"), which means dragging cart, but as any vehicle on runners is a car llysg, he called this particular type a "gambo."



A WAY TO KEEP STRAW DRY

See letter: A Method of Harvesting

It appears to be a purely local and traditional type of vehicle and is invariably home-made. The runners, which wear rapidly on the rocky tracks over which it is used, are made from naturally curved oak branches: an artificially shaped runner presents its end grain to the stones over which it is drawn and soon splits, but a curved branch presents the side grain and so does not split.

The farmer claimed the following advantages for the vehicle: it is easy to load single-handed as the hay does not have to be hoisted above one's head; its centre of gravity is as low as possible, making it very stable on the steep hillsides of these mountain farms; and, most important of all, having no front wheels, it needs no shafts, being drawn by means of chains, so that when it does occasionally overturn the horse is not thrown. The gambo looks very small but carries an astonishing load of hay.—RALPH A. SMITH, 3, Barbourne Road, Worcester.

SILVER DISH FROM THE SEA

SIR,—At Kirkleatham Church, North-Riding of Yorkshire, is an embossed silver almsdish with a remarkable history. It was washed up on the shore at Coatham in about 1740, and according to custom presented to the lord of the manor, who gave it to the church for this use. The dish is said to be of Spanish workmanship, but has no hall-mark or other means of identification. The general supposition is, of course, that it was a survival from the wreck of an Armada galleon, though this does not explain the long interval before it was washed ashore. The dish shows no signs of damage

by its immersion.—G. BERNARD WOOD, *York.*

[The design and workmanship of the dish, probably a rose-water dish, is characteristic of the middle seventeenth century, and is not characteristically Spanish. The embossed technique which was introduced to England after 1650, and became popular after the Restoration, was employed largely in Holland and Flanders, and it is probable that the dish was made in one of those countries, if not in England. It certainly cannot be as early as 1588.—ED.]

A METHOD OF HARVESTING

SIR,—The wetness of the Atlantic climate being distributed fairly evenly all the year round, it is always a problem in these islands to dry crops before gathering them, and to keep them dry. In Scotland this is particularly difficult. Various types of

apparatus have been utilised from time to time. Here is a stool which I photographed this Summer in the Rothiemurchus area, Inverness-shire, which permits free access of air to a straw cock built upon it. The stool not only enables the cock to be built high into the air, exposing a large surface area with steep sides, but also makes it possible to leave an open tunnel into the heart of the straw.—EDWARD RICHARDSON, *West Bridgford, Nottinghamshire.*

THE PLIGHT OF THE KENNET

SIR,—The war has brought disaster in one form or another to many rivers and streams in southern England. For some years now, as is well known, the water-table under this country has been gradually getting lower owing to indiscriminate pumping, generally to shallow depths, having drawn heavily on the springs essential to rivers. Pumping for military and other purposes has further accentuated the drain on these sources.

An outstanding example is that of the Kennet, forty miles long and an important tributary of the Thames. In 1936 the Swindon Corporation pumped 457 million gallons from wells in the Kennet watershed averaging about 225 ft. in depth at or near the junction of the chalk and upper greensand strata. Since then Swindon has increased in population, and it will no doubt continue to do so. The quantity of water now being extracted must far exceed the above figure.

In 1855 the Kennet dried up almost as far as Marlborough. It did so again in 1921. Since 1921 it has dried up to about the same point three times, in 1929, 1934 and



A 17th-CENTURY ROSE-WATER DISH?

See letter: Silver Dish from the Sea



TO A SOLDIER WHO FELL AT EDGEHILL

See letter: A Memorial of the Civil War

1938. No reference to laws of averages as regards rainfall or snow can account for this. There is geological authority for suggesting that good water supplies could be drawn from wells sunk to a depth of 400 ft. in the Swindon area from the lower greensand without tapping the springs which feed the Kennet. A trial well would surely be well worth sinking to test this possibility.

In spite of this lamentable state of things the Kennet was dredged in 1942-43 from just above Reading upstream to Chamberhouse Farm, Thatcham. A huge mound of excavated material several feet high was thrown up along the banks and called a "flood-bank" by some humorist who had failed to ascertain that the Kennet in this part of its course had not flooded the meadows within the memory of anyone resident in the district, and, in fact, was actually two or three feet below bank level even in full Winter flow. To add to the absurdity the "flood-bank" was interrupted at various points to allow the cattle to water!

As the result of strong complaints I understand that an official representative of one of the Ministries concerned inspected the area and admitted that the scheme, as regards most of it, had been a complete mistake. As a result of this the "flood-banks" are now being levelled and the material spread over the meadows. As the level of the Kennet and Avon Canal, which joins the river at many points from Newbury downwards, is maintained by locks, and millers' hatches maintain the level of the river itself, no dredging, however deep, need necessarily lower the level!

During these operations, much of which was carried out by Italian labour, hundreds of trees were either felled or left to die with their roots exposed. Incidentally the Holybrook nearer Reading has similarly been devastated.

It would be interesting to know how much all these operations have cost the taxpayer. A similar scheme was propounded last year for another stretch of the Kennet above Hungerford but was fortunately abandoned on its being made evident that the expenditure involved was out of all proportion to any possible agricultural benefit, to say nothing of the drying of valuable water meadows.

All that was wanted was and is that the banks should be repaired and large accumulations of mud and debris removed.—H. UNDERDOWN, Harbrook, Ramsbury, Wiltshire.

"THE MONSTER OF TREDINGTON"

SIR,—Some time ago Dr. W. D. Lang, F.R.S., drew my attention to a letter

in COUNTRY LIFE of August 20, 1943, entitled *The Monster of Tredington*, by Mr. A. E. Knight, who described what he believed to be the skeleton of an ichthyosaurus, 9 ft. long, in the porch floor of Tredington church, Gloucestershire. The letter was illustrated by a photograph of a heelprint rubbing of the specimen. Since the figure bore no resemblance to a saurian, Dr. Lang asked me to examine the specimen, should an opportunity arise, particularly as the late Canon Bazeley had already reported (*Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society* for 1913, Vol. XXXVI, page 37) that bones of an ichthyosaurus or some other saurian were embedded in the floor of Tredington church porch. Lately I have visited

Tredington and found that what your correspondent had taken to be a reptile was merely a network of joints and other cracks in the lias limestone paving.

While to the imagination of one unfamiliar with fossil remains, the pattern made by the cracks may well have suggested a saurian, such an interpretation could never have been published by a palaeontologist; and yet two other authorities (J. C. Cox, 1920, *Gloucestershire*, third edition, Methuen and Co., page 213, and W. H. Bird, *Old Gloucestershire Churches*, E. G. Barrow and Co., page 182) both repeat the story of the 9-ft. ichthyosaurus; whereas Bazeley's account, already referred to, is not incorrect, for embedded in the slab, both within and without the figured area, are a few isolated saurian bones, and it is on these crumbs of fact that the fictitious structure has been built.

Undoubtedly the stone was of strictly local origin, since the neighbourhood lies on the lower lias, in which saurian remains are not uncommon. It could hardly have come, as your correspondent suggests, from the Cotteswolds, where the building-stone is inferior oolite.—STANLEY SMITH, Reader in Palaeontology, University of Bristol.

A MEMORIAL OF THE CIVIL WAR

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a headstone commemorating a soldier who fell at Edgehill, the first great battle of the Civil War. The lettering is still quite clear: it is to Alexander Gourdin, and the date October 25 or

26, 1642. There cannot be many stones of this period in such good preservation still.

This is at Warmington, where the church stands in a commanding position with a wide view of the countryside.—M. W., Hereford.

[It seems extremely probable, and tradition supports the supposition, that this tombstone does commemorate a soldier who fell at Edgehill. It is in any case of interest as an extremely early example of this type of memorial.—Ed.]

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

SIR,—I have read several references in your paper to the will-o'-the-wisp and think that my own experience with one may be of interest.

Some 35 years ago I went several times, generally in January, to a large tarn in the middle of a small grouse moor, for the morning flight of duck. On one of these mornings my friend (who owned the moor) said he might also come. I arrived too soon and it was so dark that I had difficulty in finding my way to my stand without getting bogged. I was facing a swamp beyond which was a rise of ground along which ran the road my friend would have to take.

There was not a breath of wind and there persisted "a silence that could be felt" and one quite eerie in such surroundings when I suddenly saw a very bright light in the direction of the road, and realised that it must be a will-o'-the-wisp.

The more intently I looked at it, the more difficult it was to judge how far off it was; at times it looked like a monstrous eye glaring at me from only a few yards away, and 't would, I am sure, have quite scared anyone at all nervous. The light moved about very slowly, always on about the same level, till it passed behind a rise of ground of which I could just see the outline about 200 yds. away, so it must have been farther away than that. It soon appeared again and floated about very slowly before finally disappearing again at about the same point. Altogether it must have been in view for five or ten minutes.—T. O. CHAMLEY, Warcop House, Warcop, Westmorland.

BLACKBIRDS' NESTS

SIR,—I can supplement a correspondent's recent account of blackbirds nesting three times in one nest. Our blackbird had three broods in the Summer of 1943 and two broods this year (besides adopting a stray bird we had been given), with the result that it became nearly bald and quite worn out. It nests in the same crook in the yew tree every year, and it is

pathetic to see it working to feed its enormous brown babies. When at the end of the day it was dead beat, it used to dump them on the doorstep and rest gratefully with drooping wings while we fed them.

The stray baby blackbird was nearly dead when it was sent from the village, but, after three hours' sleep in a basket over the oven, it chirped, and was given half a drop of sal volatile in two drops of water, then some paste of dried egg and milk and fine breadcrumbs. I had to open its bill every time, and of course clean it with water after each feed lest the sticky egg paste should seal it. When it was strong enough we took it into the garden; within two minutes our blackbird began feeding it assiduously. Its own young were much smaller and still in the nest under mother.

Another blackbird built near a large stone I was carving and seemed unconcerned by noise and chips.—JOSEPHINA BANNER, The Bird, Little Langdale, Westmorland.

IRONMASTER'S TOKEN

SIR,—The token of John Wilkinson, ironmaster, referred to in a recent issue, has evidently on the reverse a smelting furnace and a man at work with—not a steam-hammer; the date is too early for that—a helve-hammer worked by a water-wheel as shown on the enclosed photograph.

Apart from this token and, I think, a painting in the British



HELVE-HAMMER ON A TOKEN

See letter: Ironmaster's Token

Museum, there are, as far as I can ascertain, no contemporary illustrations of this at one time the method of hammering under power. Additional weight was given to the blow by the springing of the horizontal beam as the helve-hammer, raised by pins on the water-wheel, was pressed up to it, to be released as the wheel turned and the pin was passed.—EDWARD YATES, Elm Court, Hampton, Middlesex.

[We have pleasure in reproducing our correspondent's photograph, as a Wilkinson halfpenny reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE for July 21 had an entirely different reverse showing a man using a hand hammer.—Ed.]

TERRIER AND LEVERET

SIR,—It is possible that you may like to reproduce the enclosed photograph together with the following details.

The leveret, approximately a week old, was found in a "form" on a north-west aerodrome. The doe was put up by the Aberdeen terrier bitch and later hunted by two mongrel dogs. Thirty-six hours later the leveret was found still alone and was taken by the terrier's owner, a W.A.A.F. officer, and placed in the dog's basket with instructions to "Look after it, Kiltie." Kiltie adopted the leveret at approximately 1.30 p.m. and by 9.30 p.m. was seen to be feeding it! Kiltie fed the leveret and stayed with it constantly for four days and nights. On the fourth night extra nourishment was given by means of a fountain-pen filler. The leveret had grown noticeably and was very strong and lively and quite tame, causing much amusement to members of the officers' mess. Unfortunately this unusual adoption was ended by suffocation during the fourth night. The bitch was very distressed and looked for the leveret for several days.—H. A. CADD, Manchester.



KILTIE AND HER BABY

See letter: Terrier and Leveret



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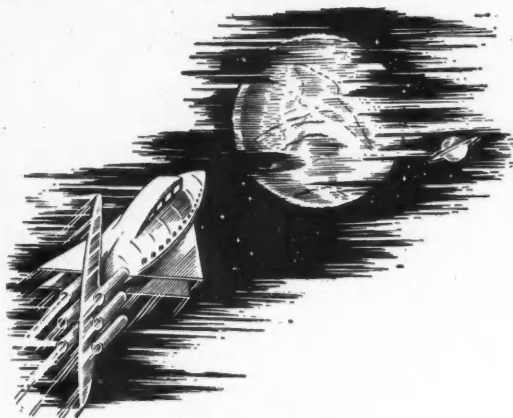
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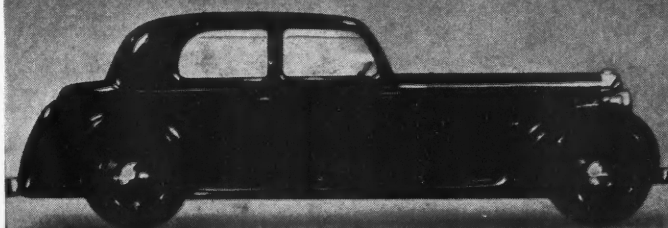
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FARMING NOTES

PRODUCE—OR FAIL!

MR. HERBERT MORRISON made a courageous speech at the recent Welsh Labour Conference. He was not speaking of agriculture, but I think his words have a remarkable bearing on rural as well as urban industry. There must be an entirely new approach to our problem after the war, he said. Production must be increased and inefficient concerns reorganised or the nation would fail in the fight ahead. The next few years would see a battle of production, severe and ruthless. Right as the workers were to demand a higher standard of living and freedom from want and insecurity, they had to remember that only by turning out ample supplies of the goods that were wanted at low costs could these benefits be secured. Manufacture and management, on its part, must overhaul its efficiency. Many products are costly because insufficient attention has been paid to the great technical advances of recent years. That could not be allowed to continue. Industry has not only to be well-meaning: it has to be well managed. The Government too came under Mr. Morrison's challenge. It must learn, he said, to be a positive and constructive helper. No longer must it tell its officials, as in effect it did right up to the war, "Go and see what that man is doing and tell him to stop it."

However unwelcome, all this seems to be sound common sense. We shall end the war with the staggering debt incurred in winning it and with an equally staggering bill for repairs to our widespread damages, but we are demanding—and rightly demanding—that no question of cost must divert us from ensuring that world peace is maintained in the future and that adequate food, education and financial security bring real peace to our own homes. What has all this to do with farming? Since it is the nation's greatest single industry, a very great deal. In effect, it calls for what must be the basis of agriculture's long-term policy.

Long-term Policy

What do we mean when we call upon the Government for a long-term policy? Is it reasonable? In the first place our appeal, I think, is wrong from us by the disasters of the past. We have seen successive Governments unwilling to face their responsibility for seeing that the average producer of home-grown food should be able to supply the home market on terms that give him a means of livelihood. The counsels of a school of economists have prevailed who argue that it is of greater benefit to the country as a whole that food, being in effect one of the raw materials of manufactured goods for sale in the world market, should be cheap and that in the long run, the agricultural worker himself will have more chance of gainful employment. This school of thought does not set much store by such considerations as the full utilisation of our natural asset—the land, or the value of a prosperous countryside to health, happiness, the labour market and the national purchasing power. The Scott Report they stigmatised as sentimental. If any concession is to be made, then British agriculture, they say, should be on a limited scale, providing in the main only those products which cannot easily be imported. We want most of all, I think, an assurance that these arguments will not prevail.

By force of circumstances we are to-day master of them. It is clear that for many years to come we shall not have the money to purchase abroad. In Mr. Morrison's words, we must produce or fail. We must produce more and more milk so that rationing can come off: we must produce more and more meat and the

feeding-stuffs to make it: the depleted stocks of pigs and poultry must be made good. Already the Government have given us an assured market and a minimum assured price for the main livestock products for four years, and for as much as we can produce. This seems as long a period as could be hoped for in these uncertain days.

Moreover, in one way a comparatively short term is more secure than a long one. What would a ten years' assurance benefit us? No Government can commit its successor, and a short Act and a few hours' debate in the House of Commons could sweep it all away in, say, six years' time. But any Government would hesitate to reverse a decision that in any case only committed them for a few years. Should not our aim therefore be to get, in two years' time, these assurances extended for a further overlapping period of four years, and so on? Not only is there greater security this way, but it is more reasonable. Not even Governments can be expected to foresee the distant future.

So far so good. But can we hold this position? At present assurances refer only to livestock. What about crops, and what about livestock when the assurances come to be renewed? What security have we then? How can we plan ahead without it?

Blister Complacency

It is here again that Mr. Morrison's arguments come in. We must produce more and produce cheaply. If our prices are very much higher than true world production prices (Hot Springs promises protection against dumping prices) then our assured market will be small. No Government decree will be able to hold out against the inexorable facts. But if the scale of production is such as considerably to relieve the foreign exchange position by growing here what would otherwise have to be imported, and if our costs are not much more than what would have to be paid for imports, then we have a real chance of security. We shall have saved the countryside, for within the next few years will come the determining crisis. I believe we shall produce and not fail.

The breathing space of these few years then must be used for making the largest contribution we possibly can to the national larder and so saving imports, and for reducing all costs to the minimum. No longer must farmers turn and rend the Minister of Agriculture when he calls for greater efficiency. Let us hope someone will make the same appeal to distributors. Again in the words of Mr. Morrison, we must "blister complacency."

Future Cropping

There is one point, however, in which we are, I think, justified in asking for a further Government lead. What sort of cropping when the transitional period is past, should we plan for? Now that the Agricultural Statistics have been published we can ourselves see something of the picture. Tillage has gone up in the U.K. from 8,813,000 to 14,617,000 acres. If we are to produce all the meat we can and grow practically all the feeding-stuffs for it, then presumably something like this acreage will have to be maintained. If this surmise is correct, how much should be devoted in years to come to wheat and potatoes: the two crops that have so greatly expanded, wheat from 1¼ million to 3¼ million acres (3½ in 1943); and potatoes from 704,000 to 1,420,000 acres? My own guess would be 2½ million acres of wheat and about a million acres of potatoes as a permanent policy, but it would be helpful to have an authoritative statement of requirements from 1946. A. B. C.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALE OF WADHURST PARK

WADHURST PARK, in the Wealden country of the Kent and Sussex border, nine miles south of Tunbridge Wells, has been sold. It had been arranged that Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, acting with Messrs. R. H. and R. W. Clutton, the estate agents, should offer this property, as a whole or in lots, at Tunbridge Wells. However, a break-up proved to be unnecessary, as Messrs. Jarrod, Watson and Bowen bid £77,000 for the entire estate, including £12,389 for timber, and acquired it on behalf of a firm of contractors, Messrs. Cussins (Newcastle-on-Tyne and Sheffield). Wadhurst Park extends to 1,820 acres. The pleasure grounds are disposed in terraces commanding what is truly called a panoramic view of the Weald. There is an avenue, 600 ft. long, of cedars, and a 10-hole golf course, rather in need of re-making, is a feature of the park.

RENTAL ON REQUISITION

THE Wadhurst Park mansion is at present in the hands of the Government under requisition, and the rent, including part of the grounds, is £1,200 a year. The entrance lodge and a small adjoining area and the Octagon Lodge are likewise held and add £157 to the rental.

A NEW ZEALAND VENDOR

DUNNOTTAR, the Kincardineshire residential, sporting and farming estate of 4,000 acres, has been sold by Mr. David A. Ritchie, of New Zealand, through Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff's Leeds office, to a Yorkshire commercial magnate. The buyer has bought the estate as an investment, and he intends to keep it intact and to have the farms managed on the same lines as they have been for some years. There is a great quantity of marketable timber on Dunnottar, and the property, which extends into the town of Stonehaven, includes a useful income from leasehold ground rents.

PARK LANE PROGRESS

THE lover of old London, say the London of Victorian days, may question whether the changes that have been going on in Park Lane in the last 30 years amount to progress or retrogression. Brick blocks of flats and a large hotel are among its modern features, and commerce has firmly taken hold of other parts of the Park frontage. As if to complete the change the railings of Hyde Park have been smelted into guns and shells.

There are no impediments nowadays to the oncoming of commerce to Park Lane, apart from the cost, and it is costly to acquire accommodation there. In an announcement just issued Messrs. Collins and Collins state that they have sold the freehold of No. 14, Stanhope Gate, Park Lane. They add: "It is over 30 years since the firm sold the house on behalf of the late Mr. Willie James, to the family of the present owner, who spent a great sum in making it one of the finest entertaining houses in the West End. The fine marble hall and staircase, and the ballroom, panelled in ebony and gold, have been famous in London Society for many years." The purchasers, Messrs. Boulton and Paul, of Norwich, who have acquired the property for their London offices, were represented by Mr. Raymond King of Norwich. Messrs. Collins and Collins are offering the antique and modern furniture for private sale.

FORBES HOUSE, BELGRAVIA

NEGOTIATIONS are practically completed for the sale of Forbes House, West Halkin Street, Belgravia, though one very important decision

is still awaited. Messrs. Collins and Collins are the agents concerned. They acted for Lord Granard in buying the mansion about 35 years ago, and his Lordship has since spent something approaching £100,000 on improvements to the property.

FUTURE OF WELL WALK

WELL WALK, Hampstead, that short avenue with a curious cobbled half-round banking of the pavement on one side of it, is a pretty approach to the Heath near the Vale of Health. Coming from Haverstock Hill the visitor sees a house nominally in Flask Walk, until lately called Rose Mount, at the corner of Well Walk, and it is remembered as the residence of the mother and sister of Alfred Lord Tennyson, who spent many a happy day there. Close by are the large and dilapidated mansions, Weatherall House and Burg House. The former mansion contains the Long Room, which Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale often visited with their friends, and to which Mr. Smith escorted the heroine of Frances Burney's *Evelina*. Burg House, built in 1703, is shown as part of the design of a Wedgwood service made, in 1774, for Catherine of Russia. Keats and his brothers lodged for a time at what was originally No. 2, Well Walk. Constable lived in the Walk for 10 years from 1826, and another notable resident was Mrs. Barbauld.

At present Well Walk is a quiet old-fashioned road, but residents are perturbed by preparations said to be contemplated by the Borough Council for building a large block of flats, of the "industrial dwellings" type. Opponents insist that there are other sites for flats both more suitable and less costly than Well Walk.

SPORTS LAND SOLD

ENFIELD GOLF CLUB has secured a lease of the Enfield golf course, over 90 acres, the purchase of which by the Middlesex County Council as "green belt" open space has just been arranged, after negotiations which began seven years ago but were impeded by the war.

The freehold of Spring Grove Lawn Tennis Club, a well-known West London club at Osterley, has been sold, including the grass courts, four hard courts and the pavilion.

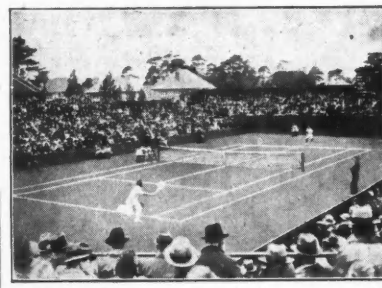
SEQUEL TO A COTSWOLD PURCHASE

MR. JOHN P. PAPILLON having bought Dean and Chapter Farm, near Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, a beautiful Cotswold house in 200 acres, has requested Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff to sell 730 acres of his estate at Crowhurst, near Battle, Sussex. The firm acted in both transactions, and in 1942 they sold 1,000 acres and the mansion of Crowhurst Park. This reduced the acreage of an estate that the Papillons, through their Pelham ancestry, had held for many centuries. Mr. Papillon intends to keep Catsfield Place and adjoining farm. The auction will be at Bexhill on November 23.

The Roman camp called Ranbury Ring is on the 908 acres of Ashbrook and Ranbury, midway between Cirencester and Fairford, Gloucestershire, shortly for sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Hobbs and Chambers, by order of Sir Frederick Heaton. The houses are of stone and typically Cotswold.

Stowe House and 14 acres, at Lichfield, have been sold by Messrs. Winterton and Sons.

Muirshiel, Renfrewshire, an estate exceeding 3,000 acres, has been sold through the agency of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. **ARTIST.**



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NEW BOOKS

WHY WAR?—AND SOME ANSWERS

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

WHEN the state of man clearly is desperately wrong, as it is to-day, there will always be two—at least two—opposing methods of looking for the root of the trouble. One school will look outwards for something that is putting a spanner into the works; the other will look inwards, at the works themselves, and ask why they are so fatally accessible to the intrusion of spanners.

Of two books I have read this week, Mr. Paul Winkler's *The Thousand Year Conspiracy* (Jenkins, 15s.) is a good example of the outward look; and the inner look is perfectly illustrated by Mr. J. Middleton Murry's *Adam and Eve* (Dakers, 10s. 6d.). We can't see, cries Mr. Winkler, because there's a mote in the Prussian eye. We can't see, says Mr. Murry, because there's a beam in our own. Get rid of Prussianism, says Mr. Winkler, and we shall have destroyed "the moral and social abscess that caused the present conflict." Get rid of Prussianism by all means, Mr. Murry would reply; but look for it in your own heart and begin the excision there. "Where else," asks Mr. Winkler, "but in our common nobility can we find the necessary moral strength and inspiration to accomplish the work?" And Mr. Murry coldly answers that we had better end "the pitiful and sinister farce whereby men plan nobler societies from human material that is incapable of nobility." So here you have two writers who are not talking the same language.

THE PRUSSIAN GAME

Mr. Winkler's book is an exposition of the view called Vansittartism. He begins with the Teutonic Knights and brings us up to Hitler. He goes beyond Hitler, whom he considers a mere pawn in the Prussian game. "His days are probably numbered, but whatever may be the manner of his disappearance from the world scene, the Prusso-Teutonic problem will still be there, essentially unchanged."

What is the problem? Roughly, thinks Mr. Winkler, we are dealing with an attempt which has persisted for a thousand years as a conscious and organised conspiracy to prevent the benefits of Christianity from spreading to the common people. When Christianity came to the Germanic barbarians, the nobles among them feared that the new religion would end their economic and other privileges. Organised as "the Holy Roman Empire," these people gave lip-service to Christianity but "in the political and economic field were in flagrant opposition" to its principles. Consequently, there was perpetual conflict between the Empire and the Church, and the formation of the Order of Teutonic Knights, ostensibly a Christian Order of Chivalry, was simply a subtle ruse for taking, so to speak, a fifth column of barbarism

within the walls of the Church itself.

The members of the Order eventually conquered the Prussians, settled in Prussia, inter-married with the local population, and in the fullness of time produced the breed of feudal landlords known as the Junkers. Throughout all the years the great conspiracy was kept alive among them, operating when necessary by means of the Fehme murder organisation whose object was—and is—to clear opposition from the Junkers' path. It was through this conspiracy that the democrats of the Weimar Republic were assassinated one by one; it was this conspiracy which placed Hitler in power. "This is the same barbaric

THE THOUSAND YEAR CONSPIRACY

By Paul Winkler
(Jenkins, 15s.)

ADAM AND EVE
By J. Middleton Murry
(Dakers, 10s. 6d.)

conspiracy against the constantly modernising influence of the Graeco-Christian civilisation which has existed for centuries. It is not by accident that Hitler considers Christianity, both Catholic and Protestant, Judaism and Masonry as enemies. His object—and his

'bosses' approve of it—is to stop the whole flow of the 'upward progression' and to annihilate its institutions." Thus he is an instrument in the true line of endeavour which has been followed, consciously, systematically, as an organised conspiracy throughout the centuries: the endeavour to establish for Prusso-Teutonia a world rulership, on feudal economic principles, with Graeco-Christianity, Christianity and Judaeo-Christianity for ever stopped from uttering their moral protest.

PROBLEM UNTACKLED

That is the large, cloudy, and in a sense comforting theme: comforting because it puts all the blame on someone else's shoulders, and leaves untouched the disturbing problem of man's tendency—the tendency of almost all men—to attempt domination of their neighbours whether this be in brutal physical fact or by the suave but not less devastating enterprises of politics, economics and big business. Something interesting and to the point could be written about the world-wide proliferation of commercial and industrial "Junkers."

Well, Mr. Murry would say to all this, Hitler doesn't need to destroy Christianity because the Church has done the job for him. Widely as these two books differ, there is a point where they touch. Mr. Winkler sees the conflict as one between robber-barons and the good life of the common people. So does Mr. Murry. But Mr. Winkler thinks the Church is still on the side of the people. Mr. Murry doesn't. There was a time, he says, when there was justice in the claim of the Universal Church to guide social and political development. There was a pattern to the Church's hand in the village community. This was not a Christian invention, but "Christianity was its spiritual consecration."

When the challenge of industrial capitalism came along, the Church,

instead of defending this ancient harmony, betrayed it. After 2,000 years of ineffable authority, the Church failed utterly to convince men that they are members one of another. "There has surely been no other such astonishing and catastrophic failure since history began." This failure, Mr. Murry thinks, is now absolute. There can be no recovery. "Christian civilisation is destroyed. . . . No revivification of existing society by existing religion is conceivable." On the grand scale, there is only one religion to-day, the religion of nationalism. Hitler and Stalin at least have been realistic enough to see and acknowledge this and to aim at "Godlessness."

RELIGION AND LOVE

You may wonder what all this has to do with the title of Mr. Murry's book, *Adam and Eve*. I must try to make clear in a few hundred words the pit of his argument, and ask his pardon beforehand, for such a condensation must do him less than justice. Well, the book is called *Adam and Eve* because it is about religion and love, and these are the same thing if God is Love. Religion and love are the only things that can give life significance, and, since life to-day is not significant but wildly nonsensical, it follows that there is something wrong with men's thinking about religion and love.

What is wrong? Mr. Murry's answer in a phrase is: "The Church's attitude to man's sex life." Divide for a time our consideration between two periods: one, when there was a universal Church (so called, though of course it was not universal but mainly European); and, two, when the Reformation destroyed the one voice with which the Church spoke. Since woman was half of mankind, and since the race itself could not be continued without physical love between this half and the other, here was a problem about which the Church in both these periods must have something to say.

In the first period, the Church gave woman a supreme place by making the Virgin Mary an object of intercession, but it cast a stigma upon love between the sexes by insisting upon the celibacy of the clergy. Virginity for the Mother and priestly celibacy: these two things left earthly love under a shadow, something to be tolerated for the common run of folk incapable of complete dedication.

WOMAN'S PLACE

And what of the second period? "Whereas Catholicism, though regarding the sex-relation as inferior, had done some honour to Woman by allowing her a virtual participation in the Godhead, Protestantism eliminated Woman from the Godhead and completely subordinated her to Man. Thereby the former polar tension between supernatural and natural was completely confounded. There was no longer any real distinction between them; yet they were not identified in a new synthesis: the human-divine. The confusion was most dangerous in the primary matter of sex. Puritan morality at once degraded woman and gave the priests of God license to use her sexually."

The solution of the problem to Mr. Murry is this: that, while all other forms of love and religion have crumbled about us, we should openly acknowledge that true love between one man and one woman, explicitly comprising sexual love, is the best manifestation we can hope to find in the world to-day of the love of God in operation. This is the nucleus of the

family, and the family should be the nucleus of a small community working in love for one another, not rejecting machinery but using it within the limits of its bare necessity and refusing to subscribe to the national notion of stupendous units of power: the key-notion of totalitarian man, as totalitarian man is himself the key-notion of non-religious, that is non-loving, thought. For love and religion belong to the individual life. As "the State" can give nothing to it, so "the State" can take nothing from it; and therefore it may be the fruitful germ from which in the long run something may be built up to set against the present naked claims of nationalistic non-religion.

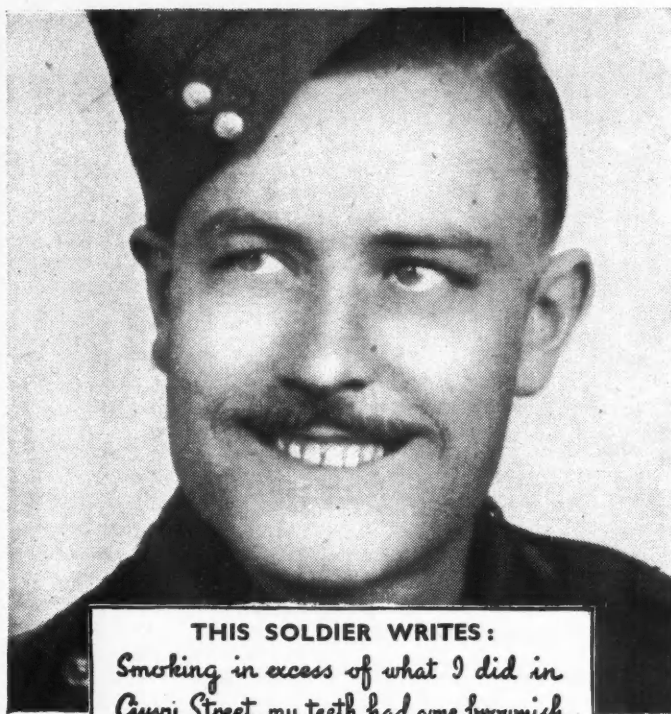
WAR-LIKE INSTINCTS

It is always interesting to find to what varying causes men attribute the war-like instincts of their fellows. Economic maladjustment say some; the decay of religion say others; and Mr. Murry, I imagine, would say that both these factors spring from a misunderstanding of the right man-woman relation. None of them satisfies me. Wars were as frequent in the time when the Church was in happy accord with village communities and "industrial capitalism" had not arisen as they are now. They were waged about matters of religion when the Church was at the height of its power centuries ago; they were waged ruthlessly among African tribes that had never heard of either our God or our economics; they have been waged between nations and groups of nations and between factions within one nation.

I do not accept Mr. Winkler's too mathematically simple thesis or Mr. Murry's humane and fascinating conclusions. Both, fundamentally, are asking: Why war? Neither answers the question to my satisfaction. No one ever has answered it to my satisfaction. The question is asked to-day with such growing insistence not because of the fact of war but because the means of war have reached such a devilish pitch. We literally, now, put more into war than ever we put into peace. What was a clot in the blood is now rapidly approaching the brain: and we must either take the consequences of the final paroxysm or answer the question once for all.

NATURE'S WONDERLAND

READERS of COUNTRY LIFE need no introduction to Mr. Frank W. Lane, a new and revised edition of whose *Nature Parade* (Jarrold, 12s. 6d.) has just made its appearance. The fascinating thing about Mr. Lane's book—some parts of which originally appeared in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE—is its compendiousness. He calls it himself an attempted synthesis of the more unusual observations which have been made, not only by British naturalists concerned with the creatures found in these islands but by naturalists, explorers, scientific workers and chance observers of animals in all parts of the world. Obviously the amount of reading involved in the compilation of such a summary must have been enormous and Mr. Lane has succeeded in converting what might have been merely a dry catalogue of disconnected facts into a really fascinating narrative. The book is divided into two parts, of which many people will probably discover that Part II dealing with speed and locomotion among living creatures is the more enthralling. It contains a great deal of out-of-the-way information clearly and methodically arranged yet presenting a coherent and most attractive picture.



THIS SOLDIER WRITES:

Smoking in excess of what I did in Curry Street, my teeth had gone brownish. My pal said, "Try Eucryl." I said, "Powder's no good." However, I bought a tin and my teeth are like pearls. It's Eucryl now for me.



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A NEW CUT TO OUR TWEEDS

CINNAMON is a newcomer among the tweeds. Darker brown and oatmeal mixtures remain the winning combination this year as it was last, but cinnamon, either alone or together with one of the brighter tones of green, jade or peacock, or robin's-egg blue, is almost as great a favourite. Another feature of the season is the number of interchangeable matching outfits in the collections—threesomes and foursomes—where the suit has its own topcoat as well as a tailored shirt top which makes it into a dress, or a topcoat that matches or tones with the suit. Hartnell shows a threesome in cinnamon, a frieze topcoat, belted in at the back, over a cinnamon tweed suit. Digby Morton makes a topcoat and a suit in a bird's-eye-patterned brown suiting, as well as a tailored frock with its matching fitting topcoat in a herring-bone tweed in two tones of brightish brown. The dress of this outfit has a gored front panel. The bird's-eye suit is seamed in front to look like a panel on the jacket and the working is continued down the skirt. Mr. Morton is also showing cardigan jumper suits under long fitting coats in men's suitings. Jacqmar have an excellent four-some, a brown tweed coat, the colour of the bark of a larch, over a tweed dress that looks one-piece but divides into two at the waist. A check jacket makes a suit with the skirt. These are the kind of outfits for which women are hoarding their coupons. They say it is well worth while, as they are useful on so many occasions. And



Straight topcoat in rickrack tweed, green and cinnamon, with an invisible panel fastening. Worn over a peacock green suit. A Spectator model from Harvey Nichols



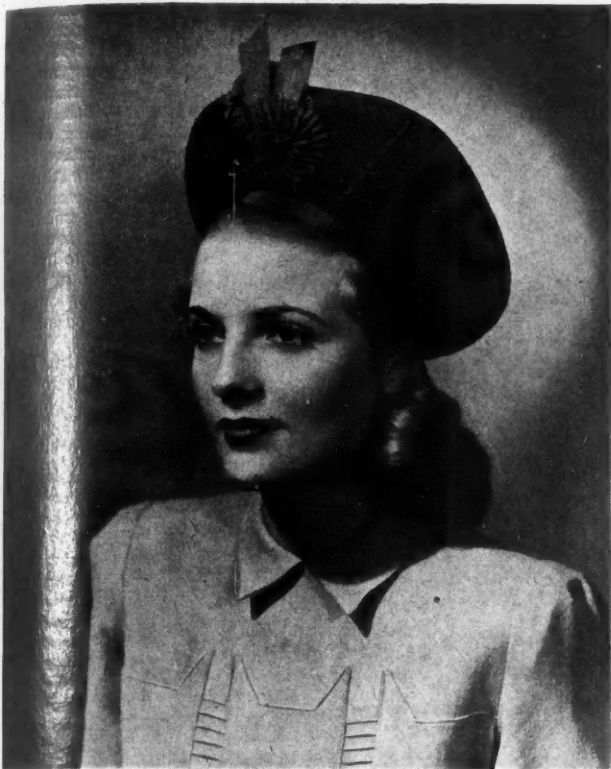
(Left) Tweed suit in checkerboards of cherry-red and inky blues; a waisted jacket and a panel skirt. Jenner's of Edinburgh. Felt from Dolores

they are waiting six months while they are being made.

The basic part of the outfit is generally in a tone-on-tone herring-bone and the topcoat or the jacket sometimes matches or is in a tweed in the same colourings, but in a more lively design—a bird's-eye fleck or a line over-check. The general outline is plain and fitting. Jackets are cut in two at the waist. The long princess seam running from shoulder to hem has disappeared and the tops of jackets and coats pouch over, sometimes almost imperceptibly, but they look quite different from the fluid shoulder-to-hem effects. They have a definite top and a hasque below. Topcoats have tailoring detail played on the waistline in the same way.

The cut of skirts has changed considerably too. Material is rationed drastically, and the many variations that are seen are due to ingenuity and craftsmanship and certainly not to any lavish use of yardage. The skirts fasten at the back with a buttoned placket, or button down the centre of a narrow back panel; they have

PHOTOGRAPHS DERMOT CONOLLY



This practical stitched beret in brown can be worn several ways.
The shirt is in sultan gold dull crêpe.

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at the side-seam; they button at the side over triangular pockets that fold absolutely flat; they buckle in front with a narrow belt over a high corselet top, or have two envelope flaps cut in one with a high waistband. Many of them have a panel in front with the material cut on the bias and a deep pleat either side. The narrow pencil skirt is shown, but is not so usual as the one with more detail about it. There is a skirt cut all in one on the cross with one seam running down the front that moulds the hipline and gives a slight kick-out at the hem that is attractive.

Many jackets have yokes, usually seamed and flapped. Some of them are collarless like a cardigan with deep patch pockets set below the seam or inlet belt on the waistline. These jackets are quite long, covering well over the hips. Shorter jackets take a narrow roll collar and three or four buttons, as Molyneux shows them. Digby Morton has a jacket with pleats above the waist stitched down into triangles on the waistline itself and the fullness released above like a Norfolk jacket. He makes this in a grey-blue tweed with a line of cinnamon and gives it a very pretty grey-blue woollen blouse with rounded revers cut in one with the yoke that can be pulled out over the jacket or caught neatly at the throat with a brooch. This blouse looks equally well with tweeds as with a long dark skirt for dinner, is a very becoming shade, and extremely useful. Grey-blues are a good colour contrast for the warm bright shades of the tweeds.

THERE are all kinds of gay accessories for these tweeds. The berets and kit-bags in tweed banded and patched with leather in reds, blues, greens, browns, are debonair. So are the leggings in scarlet, blue and green oilsilk for bad days in the country and all kinds of amusing turbans and bonnet effects that can be made from



Made for the children especially to stand up to tough treatment. Dungarees, plain and checked, long or short, siren suits with hoods that button closely at wrists and ankles. All from Walpoles

Even the fine woollens are printed as brilliantly as the silks. Smart girls are twisting them high on the forehead giving the effect of a Martinique turban. The squares where vivid hieroglyphics and slogans are sprawled on an ice blue or salmon pink ground are the most popular. They make exotic turbans that certainly catch the eye, and this is in keeping with the new trend in fashion which carries detail to the top. The Englishwoman in this war has learnt to mix her colours far more audaciously than she ever did before.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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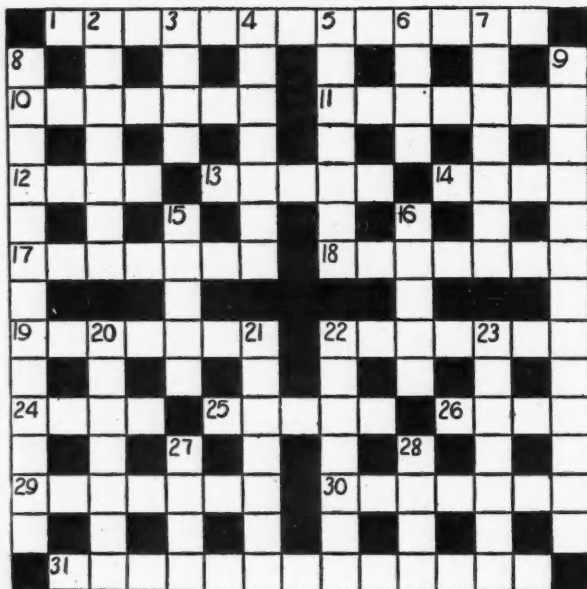
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CROSSWORD No. 771

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 771, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2." not later than the first post on Thursday, November 9, 1944.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 770. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of October 27, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, West wind; 5, Autumn; 9, Miracles; 10, Add ten; 11, Awakened; 13, Clowns; 14, Dig; 16, Rubric; 19, Witches; 20, Myriad; 21, Bee; 26, Thorns; 27, Satchels; 28, Trifid; 29, Mitigate; 30, Reside; 31, Treeless. DOWN.—1, Wombat; 2, Sirrah; 3, Wicked; 4, Needed; 6, Undulous; 7, Untoward; 8, Nonesuch; 12, Ditches; 15, Kid; 16, Red; 17, Imitator; 18, Arteries; 19, Warm wind; 22, Easier; 23, Scribe; 24, Relate; 25, Assets.

ACROSS.

1. The master of Toad Hall in a depressed, if tasty, situation? (13)
10. Gratiano was said to speak an infinite deal of it (7)
11. 10's friend (7)
12. Look up as you pass, and behold it twice! (4)
13. A stretch of moorland for the heathens? (5)
14. Little bird that went to sea in war-time (4)
17. Makes disconsolate (7)
18. It's neat (anagr.) (7)
19. Aims high in S.E. Paris (7)
22. An Ancient Briton afloat would be more at home in one than 14 across (7)
24. To east and south. Found in extremities wherever they may be (4)
25. Blur (5)
26. With it one may put a good face on 9 at last (4)
29. It's true he starts off with a V.I., but he doesn't pilot it! (7)
30. Utterly foolish (7)
31. Beginning of the Personal Points? (13)

DOWN.

2. Not as a homing pigeon is bound (7)
3. Said imperfectly (4)
4. Gets gun for these (7)
5. Places where the rash are at home (7)
6. They are easily shut (4)
7. But the short runner too can finish his course in it (4, 3)
8. "And, like this — pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind." —Shakespeare (13)
9. The term's just as applicable to a square-faced timepiece! (5, 3, 5)
15. Charon may be the man for it (5)
16. Birth-rate statistician in Holland? (5)
20. Foretell (7)
21. Member of Japanese military caste (7)
22. Pursuant to metal engraving, perhaps (7)
23. Newbolt's school (7)
27. Shiny piece of starch (4)
28. Apparently did nothing. Yet she slew herself for love (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 770 is

Mrs. E. S. Agate,

14, Melrose Avenue,

Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.



Lady Godiva's famous ride
Must have been on the chilly side
Wolsey Brevets would have kept her warm
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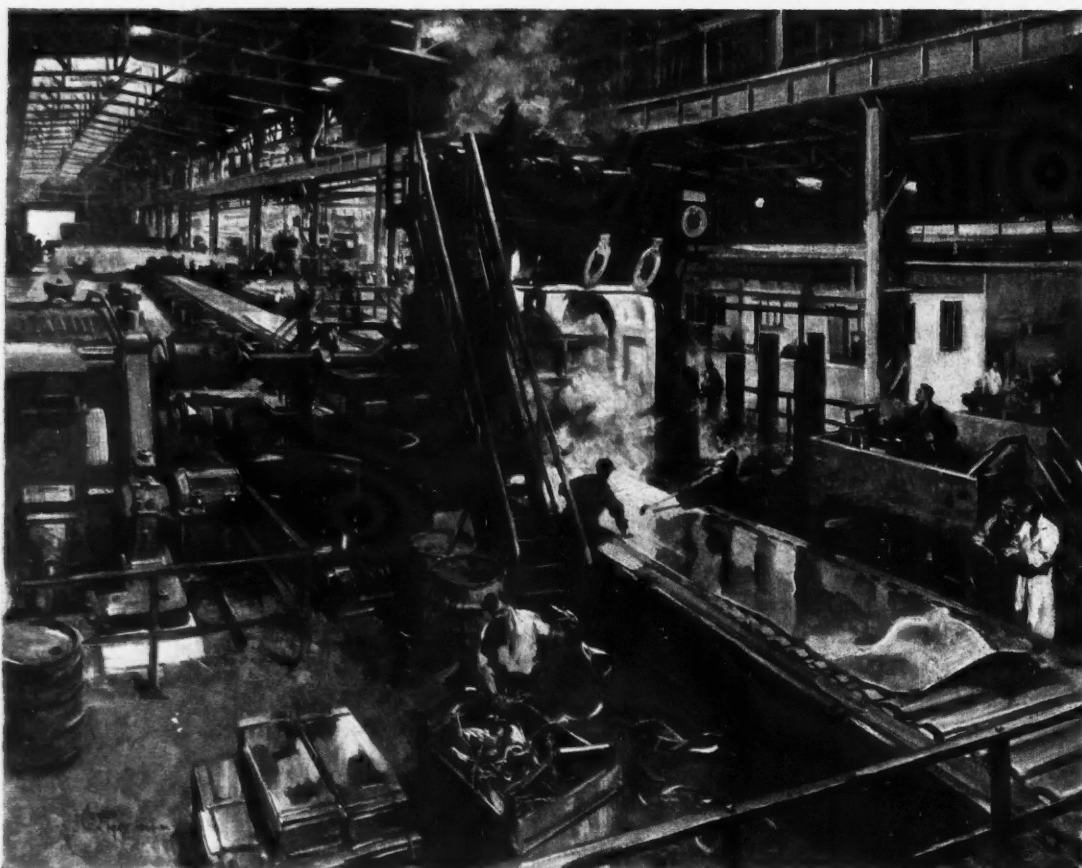


"Is she not more than painting
can express
Or youthful poets fancy when
they love."

Nicholas Rowe.

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